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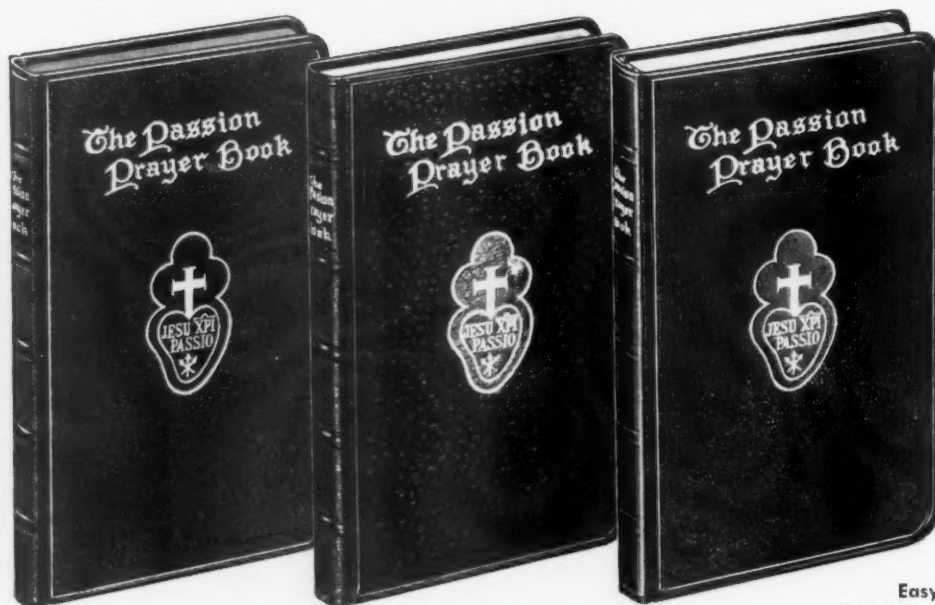
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COLLEGE GROW?**

By Milton Lomask

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Editor's page

Of Many Things

THIS month we would like to comment on a variety of subjects. Like most Americans, we read the newspapers. And, like most Americans, we have opinions on much of what we read. Here are a few—on subjects varying from the trivial to the important.

The International Business Machines Corporation has a pavilion at the Brussels World Fair in which it exhibits its motto "Think" in thirty-six languages. It's strange that a company in the business of making machines which do your thinking for you should adopt the word "think" as its slogan. We have always had a notion that those who have to stick up a sign to remind them to think can't think anyway.

When we read about Protestant conventions, we cast an eye down through the text to the almost inevitable anti-Catholic speech or resolution. Few of these meetings seem to overlook us Catholics. Recently we read in the *New York Times* that a Dr. Fagley of the Commission of the Churches on International Affairs denounced the Catholic attitude on birth control and laid the blame at our door for neglect of the population problem. In the same issue, we read that the National Association of Evangelicals unanimously adopted a resolution questioning Cardinal Stritch's citizenship because of his present position with the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith in Rome.

Here's something on which our Protestant friends can take off their hats to us. We too have a lunatic fringe, but it's more of a fringe and it isn't so vocal.

Assembled recently in Constitutional Congress, the Daughters of the American Revolution passed resolutions urging Congress to withdraw the U.S. from the U.N. and opposing fluoridation of water, (part of the master plan of those seeking to dominate the world!) reciprocal trade agreements, a bridge over the Potomac near the Lincoln Memorial, and the National Council of Churches. We have often wondered if the "Daughters" wouldn't do better by staying home and studying what has happened in the world since 1776.

Anti-Semitism is abhorrent to decent Christians. A recent issue of the ably edited *Jewish Newsletter* states that some Zionists, aware of this, use the anti-Semitic label as a whip over non-Jews who are not only not anti-Semitic but abhor anti-Semitism.

Some of the recent victims of this smear campaign are Professor Arnold Toynbee, Norman Thomas,

Dorothy Thompson, Dean Virginia Gildersleeve, Professor William Ernest Hocking, foreign correspondent Howard K. Smith, author Freda Utey, and the Rev. L. R. Elson, minister of President Eisenhower's church in Washington.

"A closer look at these 'anti-Semites,'" the *News-letter* states, "will reveal one peculiarity common to all of them: they all criticize Israel's handling of the Arab refugees. They all challenge Israel's contention that the rendering homeless of a million Palestinian Arabs is merely an incident of war. They question the moral rights of any government, be it Israel or any other state, to make homeless one group of people who had lived on a soil for centuries in order to make room for another group of homeless people alleged to have a 'historic right' to the land. To these people, this is a moral not a political problem. They are moved by a strong sense of justice and moral conscience."

In recent years there has been a considerable change in the language of international diplomacy. Khrushchev harangues the U.S. ambassador to Moscow and tells him we're "stepping on your tail." And our Secretary of Defense says of Khrushchev, "We can bury him." We wonder just how far this trend will go.

WE have thought for a long time that some of our anti-Communists have more zeal than prudence. In fighting Communism, they adopt the methods of the Communists. Some immigration officials showed a Red-Fascist mentality recently when they took judicial processes into their own hands and seized William Heikkila on his way home from work, forced him into a government plane, and flew him out of the country without time to notify his wife or lawyer and without funds or baggage. If we're going to deport aliens with Communist records, the deportation should proceed according to law and not according to Communist secret-police methods.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

The recent visit of Vice President Nixon to a group of Latin American states highlights one of the more difficult problems of American foreign policy. On the one hand, we have made considerable improvements in our attitude toward our neighbors to the South. We no longer have the one-sided Monroe Doctrine, and much less the dollar imperialism of our days of "Manifest Destiny." We are aiding in technical-assistance programs. We even have had some, but not enough, progress in achieving cultural understanding.

Economics and Latin America

On the other hand, the Latin Americans, like most raw-materials producers, have suffered from the world drop in commodity prices. Here in the United States there have been strong pressures to protect domestic producers of wool and copper, at the expense of foreign sources. This has hit particularly hard in nations whose sole export of importance is one of these commodities. To add to the complications, the Soviet Union, as usual, has been fishing in muddied waters. It will trade, but at the price of diplomatic recognition. Too often this means an overstuffed embassy engaged primarily in fomenting internal subversion.

Our southern neighbors complain about our foreign policy. They say we always work on "the squeaking wheel" theory. We devote our attention to neutralist nations that seem to be slipping into the Communist camp. But we overlook good and loyal neighbors who so often vote with us in the U.N. There is much merit in these complaints, but candor forces us to state that the fault is not one-sided. From an economic viewpoint, one of the greatest needs in many Latin nations is more diversified agriculture, industry, and trade. In practice, this means developing new crops and firms, either to exploit new mineral wealth (such as oil reserves), or to manufacture goods that must be imported at great cost.

Ideally, funds for development should be secured internally, or at least from other nations of the Continent. This would preclude all dangers of "Yankee economic imperialism." But local capital will not work under conditions that outsiders would welcome. Capital is often used to maintain lavish living conditions that contrast explosively with the poverty of the average worker. Or it is lent for usurious use. One even suspects that those who have made hundreds of millions from huge farms or extractive industries do not welcome any competition that might drive up wages and living standards.

Yet, United States firms would like to help Latin American countries. So would German and British firms. They would be quite willing to drill oil wells, manufacture automobiles, or engage in any of a hundred occupations that would save precious foreign currency and lead to diversified industry. Further, they are willing to invest under conditions that will preclude excessive foreign control of any economy.

It is always dangerous to generalize about a Continent, and



WIDE WORLD

Despite intense pain, Samuel Cardinal Stritch manages to smile on arrival in Rome before operation to remove his arm. Catholics pray for an early recovery for the Cardinal



RELIGIOUS NEWS

It's obvious that even nuns get spring fever as Sister Mary Zita of Topeka, Kansas, stops to give a few tips on how to play marbles to Paul Wobbe. Sister must have had brothers

we know that there are exceptions to the statements just made. But our friends should realize that the world crisis makes for a scarcity in government funds available for external economic aid. This should furnish a strong incentive to review and reassess policies and practices that have stifled private investment. And private capital has the advantage that it brings a flexibility and know-how often lacking in government aid programs.

From the viewpoint of quantity, America is just about the most educated nation in the world. Less than a century after the Republic was founded, we adopted, in principle, a

Commencement Musings

program of universal education. During the past century we have spent vast sums of money and marshaled mighty organizational efforts in order to change our dream into reality. Our success is shown by the picture we present to the world today: about 125,000 elementary and 30,000 high schools staffed by more than a million teachers; about 1,000 schools of nursing, and nearly 2,000 colleges and universities. This past year, nearly 42,000,000 Americans "went to school." This month, almost 2,000,000 Americans will graduate from our high schools and colleges. Quantitatively, it is a fabulous achievement. It is a noble tribute to the generosity and idealism of American citizens.

The quality of education in America is not so impressive. Till recently, a generous American public was mainly concerned with how much it could put into education. Today, after a generation of misgivings and criticism, the American people are mainly concerned with what they are getting out of education. Many of the current critics point out that our educational system was basically solid "when you and I were young, Maggie." Teachers then had a definite cultural tradition to hand on to the rising generation. With history and literature, languages and art, even with reading and writing, the student received a built-in message on love for country, respect for law and order, an appreciation for the dignity of authority, and the need for mental discipline. Subjects were fewer but minds were kept in firmer contact with reality.

A generation ago, a revolution began to take place in large segments of the nation's educational system. Led by an atheist, John Dewey, a group of educators rightly complained that current educational methods were not keeping pace with the movement of civilization. The ship of tradition had become heavily encrusted with barnacles. New oceans of knowledge were opening up and the clumsy ship was not sailing into these new waters as well as it should. Instead of scraping off the barnacles, reconditioning the ship, and charting some new courses, these "Progressive Educationists" decided to blow up the old ship and build a new one. This has been a great American tragedy. The most damning criticism of the new ship's capabilities came from its chief architect, John Dewey. "We agree," he said, "that we are uncertain as to where we are going and where we want to go, and why we are doing what we are doing." From an atheist, that was a fairly honest admission. From the captain of a ship, it was suicidal. Only in recent years have we been finding out the strange ports to which Dewey's ship has sailed, carrying American civilization with it.

College professors, increasingly so since World War II, have been complaining that today's high-school graduates too often come to college unable to spell, unable to parse a simple sentence, even unable to distinguish between a subject and a predicate, unable to think. When an educational system produces clouds of confusion instead of rays of light, there is something radically wrong with the system.

Progressive education had a noble ambition. It wanted a system of education which was in touch with the times—which was interesting and dynamic and dealt with every child as a distinct individual. This was all to the good. The tragedy came from the fact that too many progressive educationists had such a foggy idea of the meaning of life. The child was an "organism" to be adjusted to its environment. The teacher's task was to respond to the "felt needs" of the child. It makes a tremendous difference whether the teacher thinks she is raising an ape to live in the woods of modern civilization or training a child made in God's image, destined for spiritual maturity here on earth and life everlasting hereafter. The rumble and roar of American citizens, which followed the whoosh of Sputnik I, gives promise of changes for the better in the system of education in America. Money and buildings will not solve the crisis. It is a spiritual problem demanding an inward change of heart and mind.

Sputnik I has helped tremendously toward making America "education conscious." Judging from the many meetings and public statements of government officials and professional

Operation College Professor

educators, of associations of teachers, professors, colleges, and universities, America can expect something of a revolution in the field of education. The big questions to be resolved are whether American educational systems are to produce wizards or wise men; responsible citizens or bureaucratic clerks; adjusted jellyfish or intelligent students passionately pursuing and finding truth. In resolving these questions, special attention must be devoted to the contemporary college professor.

The college professor holds a vital position in American culture. The survival of American society depends in large measure on him. A great many college professors appreciate this responsibility. They dedicate their lives to discharging it well. One of the most inspiring scenes in the academic life of America is to see a man of mature wisdom lending a helping hand to the youth of today to enable them to become the genuine men and women of tomorrow. Any person who deals with the souls of men holds a sacred trust.

Today, too many college professors are violating this trust. The basic evils which Father Halton sought to combat at Princeton University are multiplied in many American colleges. How would you like to scrape together hard-earned dollars to send your pride and joy to college and have her advised by a barbaric professor who supposedly is teaching the science of psychology: "If you really want to live, take a moral holiday and blow the cobwebs from your soul." Or again, "You owe your parents absolutely nothing. You never asked for life. You were merely an accident resulting from a fleeting moment of exotic pleasure." Or again, as the professor arrogantly and gleefully discusses sex in a mixed class, he declares, "Ninety-nine per cent of the students on this campus, as on all campuses, practice up sexually, constantly."

It is grievously wrong to deprive a man of his life; to rob him of his reputation. It is wantonly evil for the college professor to leap beyond what he knows in order to destroy a student's most cherished beliefs—to begin a class by announcing that "if any student here still believes in the myth of God, he had better prepare himself to renounce his superstition if he wants to get anything out of my course."

An aroused public opinion in America is in order against such gross barbarity being perpetrated today in the name of academic freedom. If a revolution does take place in the American educational system, we hope that much attention will be devoted to "Operation College Professor."



UNITED PRESS PHOTOS

Though Sputnik's dead, Italian Communists are still getting political mileage out of the satellite for coming elections



Italian voters might take a lesson from these refugees from Red Yugoslavia who raced through barricades to freedom



Soviet-U.S. deadlock in United Nations is typified by recent exchanges between Henry Cabot Lodge, left, and Arkady



Sobolev. Above, Sobolev charges U.S. with threatening air flights. Later, Russia rejected U.S. Arctic control plan.

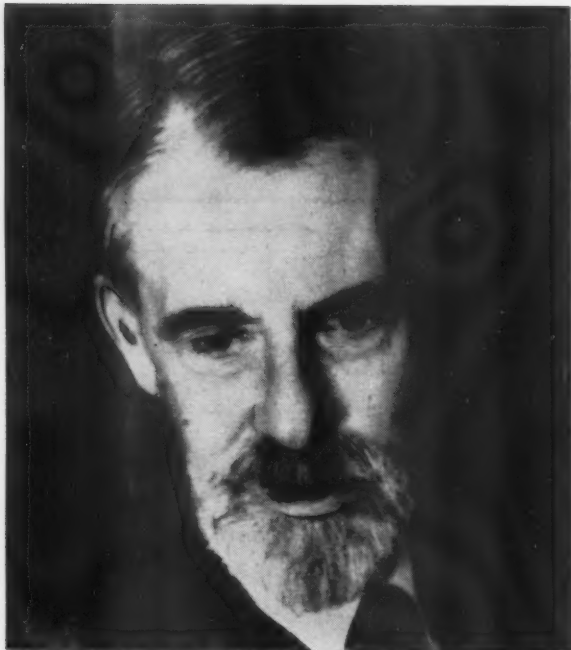


GILLOON

The birth of Prince Albert to Prince Rainier and Princess Grace ends threat of French taxes in Monaco. Cheers for Al



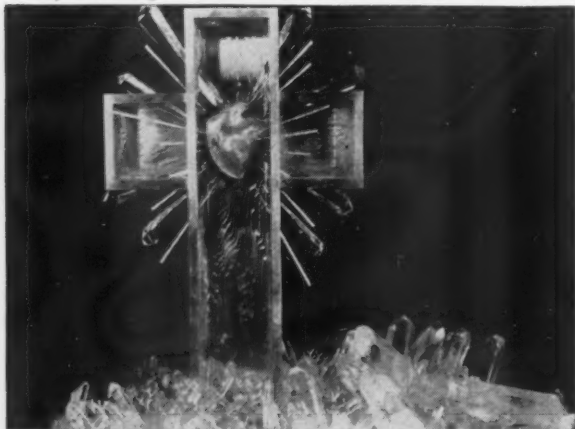
Catholic choir from West Point is shown as they sang at recent Solemn High Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York



Christopher Dawson, British Catholic historian, was named to the first professorship in Catholic Theological Studies at Harvard Divinity School. Move should aid understanding



Francis Cardinal Spellman receives the Military Chaplains Association Distinguished Service Award. The Cardinal has always shown great concern for welfare of men in uniform



Salvador Dali, noted Spanish surrealist, continues his experiments in religious art with this 18-carat gold cross called "The Sacred Heart of Jesus." Piece is pure Dali

Views in Brief

Vocations. Recent reports indicate that Japan has the greatest number of vocations to the priesthood compared to the total number of Catholics. In 1956, there were 93 major seminarians for every 100,000 Catholics. Ireland was second with 75. The United States was sixth, with 26. We rejoice over the record number of vocations in Japan. It should be a reminder to us to pray more earnestly and frequently for vocations in this country. We need not look far to see how desperately we need them.

Balancing the Scales. In a recent speech to French officials, the Holy Father said: "The unequal division of the gifts and treasures of nature gives to men the moral obligation to aid each other, each according to the understanding and strength he has received. This obligation constantly increases in proportion to the increase in the power at the disposal of the social or national group. . . . One must rejoice at all the efforts which tend to achieve what the united voices of conscience and broad interest urge to be undertaken without loss of time." These words deserve to be engraven in our consciences and in our hearts.

The Main Purpose. A group of Catholic and Protestant educators of the Association of American Colleges has stressed the need of Christian higher education: "The Christian college offers . . . a way of life and of learning, and a sense of earthly vocation and eternal purpose without which sciences and arts, inventions and technology may enslave and destroy mankind. This Christian conviction of the unity of truth, of the love of God, and of man's nature as a child of God is the surest safeguard of freedom, high ethical and moral standards, and social responsibility."

A Gesture. The image of four pacifists in a tiny ketch sailing across the vast Pacific to protest this summer's series of United States nuclear tests must be written off as a futile gesture. But in its very futility it is symbolic of the plight of man today. For which is more futile: four men in a tiny ketch in the middle of a vast ocean or two great nations in stalemate in the halls of the United Nations while the world plays nuclear checkers? The nations remind us of two small boys edging closer and closer throwing taunts and darts before the fight begins. But the four men in the boat are the whole world afloat in a sea of doubt and confusion. Will the fight start? Will the world drown? No mere man knows the answers to these questions; but we do know this: the end to futility can only be found in the inner conversion of men's hearts, in complete trust in Him who made us.

The Producer. In his customarily precise way, Archbishop Giovanni Montini of Milan recently set forth a profoundly Christian view of the place for private initiative in society. Calling the man who honestly seeks and produces wealth "a possible artisan of peace," the Archbishop said: "To give work to man is to create for him and for society elementary peace and order. Whoever does this performs a highly meritorious service. Private initiative justifies itself socially every time it creates new sources of work." He added: "Who works, produces. Who produces, offers further exchanges and creates commerce. . . . Exchange calls for and creates a supremely peaceful order: transactions—therefore contacts, language, juridical concept, human relations—based on the given word, on truth, on honesty; all exquisitely moral and spiritual factors rich in harmony, concord, and peace." For businessmen, often caught up in the rush and tumble of the marketplace, the Archbishop's wisdom can be a source of needed perspective in their business dealings.



Msgr. McNulty, Seton Hall President

How does a college grow?

by MILTON LOMASK

A hundred years ago, Seton Hall began its life in New Jersey.

Today it is larger, it has more schools, and it is still growing. Its story shows how alive and how important a university can be

YEARS AGO a lady living near the college of Seton Hall in South Orange, New Jersey, sent an angry letter to a newspaper in near-by Newark.

The lady's complaint had to do with the open-air activities of the Hall's half a hundred scholars. What she wanted to know was whether "ear-splitting racket and boisterous laughter" were part of the Catholic religion. If they were, then in the unhappy matron's opinion "Seton" should be spelled with two "a's" as in "Satan."

The year was 1860, and it is a matter of record that Seton Hall's priestly authorities read the letter in the *Newark Daily Advertiser* with pleasure. To think that, after only four years of existence, their little school was already making a noise in the great world beyond the borders of its willow-shaded campus!

Today Seton Hall is making a lot of noise beyond its borders. Moreover, its borders have moved out in recent years, reflecting a rate of growth that is phenomenal even in an era of surging college populations.

On the eve of World War II, Setonia's 1,200 students and 42 faculty members were more or less evenly divided between its liberal arts centers in South Orange and elsewhere and its seminary in Darlington, New Jersey. During the war, enrollment tumbled to the point where, in 1942, some 168 students were rattling around in half a dozen buildings. This year 9,124 men and women are attending classes conducted by 46 priests and 274 full-time lay instructors in 25 buildings at five different locations in northeastern New Jersey. To this can be added 900 lads in the Prep School on the South Orange campus

and 245 students of medicine and dentistry in Jersey City.

Since the close of the war, eight million dollars' worth of new buildings have erased some of the woodlots and pastures of the 31-acre main campus in South Orange. In former days, the school's athletes flexed their muscles in a closet-like gym on the second floor of Alumni Hall. At their disposal, since 1940, is a 235-by-154-foot gymnasium-auditorium. Standing on the eastern border of the main campus, this building houses an acre of basketball court, a network of recreation and calisthenics rooms, a rifle range, a little theater, a student-run FM radio station, and a swimming pool sparkling, in the words of a budget-minded staff member, with \$265 worth of filtered and frequently replenished water.

The Hall's Division of Extension



New residence hall on 31-acre main campus, part of eight-million-dollar expansion since the war

**Msgr. McNulty says
of Seton Hall's fast growth:
"But we don't forget
the past around here. We
try to build on it."**



Two Chemistry students work in one of the labs of the new Science Hall

Education and its Summer School saw light in 1937. The School of Nursing became a separate entity in 1939. Only a few years old is the School of Business Administration. The same is true of the School of Law in a recently purchased twelve-story building in downtown Newark. Of recent vintage are the Institute of Far Eastern Studies, the Institute of Judaean-Christian Studies, the Polish, Irish, and Italian Institutes. These imaginatively conceived study and research organizations now stand like giant windows, helping the people of America to look out on the rest of the world and the rest of the world to look in on us.

For the last twenty-six years, every department, school, and college of Seton Hall has been fully accredited. For the last eight, the Hall has been not a college but a university, that is a family of colleges. For the last two years, it has been the seat of the state of New Jersey's first and only College of Medicine and Dentistry, an institution that by 1960 will have 400 medical and 200 dental students.

This is a lot of progress for a school to cram into less than two decades. It raises intriguing questions: Why? What is responsible for this development?

These questions in turn bring intriguing answers from the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John Lawrence McNulty, who as the Hall's twelfth president has guided its activities since 1949.

The Monsignor is a joy to a reporter. He has a fabulous memory.

"Runs in the family," he confides with a warm half-smile. "The Lord has been good to us that way." Two members of the Monsignor's large family live

in the neighborhood. His mother, 92, is a resident of Montclair, New Jersey. His younger brother is Bishop James A. McNulty of Paterson. The Bishop is an alumnus of the Hall. So is the Most Rev. Thomas A. Boland, Archbishop of Newark and President of the Trustees of the University, the only diocesan-run Catholic institution of higher learning in America, largest of its kind in the world.

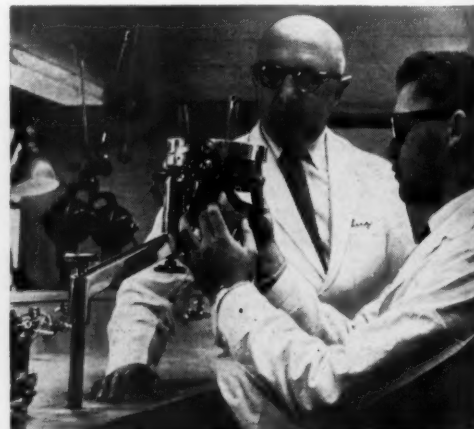
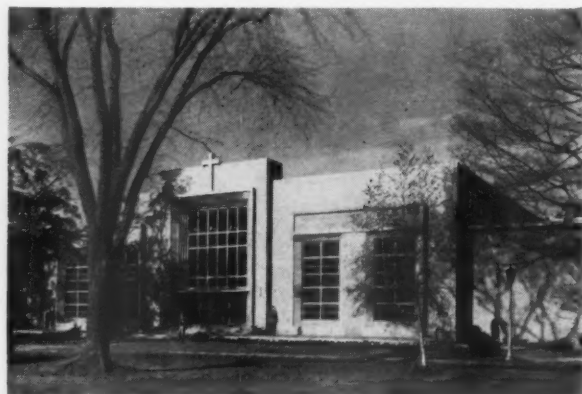
Monsignor McNulty is 59, with streaks of battleship gray in his close-cropped hair, laugh lines in a handsome and forceful face. Broad-shouldered and deep-chested, he is a short man who sits tall behind the desk of his office in the many-gabled brownstone Alumni building on the South Orange campus.

The Monsignor is happy to talk at length about Seton Hall's growth, to suggest other people to see, places to visit, records to examine. As for the school's recently enlarged physical facilities—these are brushed aside with a flash of the Monsignor's hand.

"Here at the Hall," he explains, "we go along with President Garfield. His definition of a good school, you'll recall, was a student at one end of a log and at the other . . . well, any member of our wonderful faculty."

"Our faculty," he goes on, "is one of the secrets of our growth. God has sent us remarkable men and women, and they've stayed with us. Some are Catholics, some Jews, some Protestants. They are of all nationalities and of all colors. All we ask of any teacher is that he teach and do his research. We don't ask him to help build the buildings or to fret over administrative details."

Part of the eight-million-dollar expansion is the new, recently completed Library on main campus at South Orange



Doctor Robert Lang instructs a dental student, Joseph Perez, in the use of a metal-mouth model

MILTON LOMASK, former reporter for the *New York Journal-American* and other papers, is now a full-time free lance writer. He has written for many leading magazines.

"Looking then at the other end of the log, there's our student body. Nothing stands between a potential student and Seton Hall but our academic standards. About 60 per cent of the students are Catholic, the rest otherwise. Again all sizes, colors, and nationalities. Mother Church welcomes all. Her school can do no less."

Which brings Monsignor McNulty to what he considers to be really at the bottom of Seton Hall's growth.

"Let's put it this way," he suggests. "Every community has educational needs which enlarge as the community does. Our community is the state of New Jersey. Every now and then a Jersey group or individual comes to us seeking something only a school can give. We try to give it. If you go out and look at our programs, you'll see that many of them are here because Seton Hall always answers the knock on the door."

Example: At the end of World War II, New Jersey physicians came home to face a grave problem. After years in the service, they were out of touch with medical advances, with developments in their specialties. They desperately needed a program of postgraduate studies. Their organizations, seeking such a program, canvassed the state's 38 colleges and universities. Their search ended at Seton Hall. There, under the auspices of the Essex County Medical Society, a two-year series of refresher courses was set up. Six thousand

doctors enrolled, 4,500 completed the series.

"What that program contributed to our growth," Monsignor McNulty comments, "is visible enough now. When the time came to set up the Seton Hall medical school in Jersey City, the groundwork was laid—and we had a nice lot of cadavers on hand."

The College of Medicine and Dentistry, of which the Monsignor is speaking, was opened in 1956. The Seton Hall authorities were fully aware of the difficulties involved. It costs a lot of money to train a future doctor or dentist—an estimated \$1,600 a year over and above tuition. This problem, however, struck the authorities as of less importance than Jersey's obvious need for a medical school of its own. The Reverend Dr. Michael I. Fronczak, Chairman of the Department of Biology, became a ready-made liaison officer for the University.

Dean of the new College of Medicine is Dr. Charles L. Brown, one of the recognized medical educators in the world. Equally outstanding in his own field is Dr. Merritte M. Maxwell, dean of the College of Dentistry. "With these two men at the helm," says Monsignor McNulty, "we have had no difficulty in building up an outstanding medical faculty, culled from the leading faculties of the nation."

Jersey's interest in the new school is indicated by the vigor with which prominent citizens have come to its aid. Industrial leaders have set up a Founders' Fund organization pledged to raise almost ten million dollars.

For many years, the nurses of New Jersey hunted for a college that would

help them bring their professional standards abreast of modern requirements. They found what they were looking for at Seton Hall. At the time of this development the requirements for R.N. (registered nurse) were two years of high school only. Many nurses, however, wished to go on to college. To take care of this situation, Seton Hall set up without cost to the nurses a sophomore-senior high school course designed to prepare them for the equivalency examinations given by the New Jersey State Board of Education. In this manner Seton Hall became the state's first school of nursing. Today it conducts the state's largest degree program in public health nursing, offers degree opportunities in basic nursing, industrial nursing, and nursing education.

Seton Hall was the first Jersey college to establish courses in special education. Under an ambitious program formulated and directed by Dr. Robert H. Morrison, Jersey's former commissioner of higher education, men and women are trained to teach the handicapped—the blind, the deaf, the crippled, the maladjusted, and the retarded.

At the turn of the decade, the United States Department of State, in an indirect way, knocked on Seton Hall's door. The department was worried about the vacuum in international relations created in the 1940's when allegations of subversion destroyed the effectiveness of the old Institute of Pacific Relations. A new research center was needed to take its place, to keep open the cultural channels between East and West. After considerable spadework by Archbishop Paul Yu Pin



The periodical room of the new library. This year, Seton Hall had 9,124 men and women in classes at five places in New Jersey



Archbishop Boland of Newark and Ngo Dinh Diem, President of Viet Nam and a founding member of Far Eastern Institute at Seton Hall

of Nanking and others, Seton Hall's Far Eastern Institute was founded.

"It is significant, I think," Monsignor McNulty remarks, "that the lay founders of that institute were unknown in the affairs of the world at the time. Since then, all have become leaders of their particular nations." The men of whom the Monsignor is thinking are Dr. John Chang, now Vice President of Korea; Dr. Chang Chi-yun, minister of education of the Republic of China; Dr. Kotaro Tanaka, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Japan; and Dr. Ngo Dinh Diem, President of Viet Nam. These men continue to serve on the Institute's advisory board.

The Institute offers class work dealing with the language, history, and culture of the Orient. It maintains outposts of research in Asia. On its own printing press in Hong Kong, it turns out annually a Chinese translation of what it terms "the American book of the year." Among volumes published so far are *Greater Perfection*, by Sister Miriam Teresa, and *Sanctity in America*, by His Excellency the Most Rev. Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, apostolic delegate to the United States.

In his Newark office, seated in front of a copy of Michelangelo's "The Creation of Adam," Father John M. Oesterreicher discusses Seton Hall's Institute of Judaean-Christian Studies. Regent of this organization, launched in 1953, is Msgr. John J. Dougherty. Father Oesterreicher directs its work.

There is nothing else in the world quite like the Judaean-Christian Institute, nothing quite like its annual publication, *The Bridge*, as the annual is called, is a collection of essays reflecting the Institute's objectives. One objective, in Father Oesterreicher's words, is "to foster understanding and love between Christians and Jews, the sense of kinship which made Pope Pius XI condemn anti-Semitism, saying 'Through Christ and in Christ, we are of the spiritual lineage of Abraham.'"

The Institute of Italian Culture is directed by Dr. Julius S. Lombardi. Its objectives are to keep alive the cultural contributions of Italy to the United States. Miss Licia Albanese, Metropolitan Opera soprano, is chairman of an institute's committee which each year presents distinguished musicians in a series of concerts. The Irish Institute recently purchased the St. Patrick's altar for the new cathedral of the Archdiocese. This institute offers classes in the Irish language and dancing in many sections of the state and is the owner of the McManus library, one of the world's outstanding collections of books.

The pressure of its contemporary responsibilities have not driven Seton Hall to put its past in mothballs. "We don't

forget the past around here," Monsignor McNulty has remarked. "We try to build on it."

There is plenty to go on. Seton Hall began life over a century ago in the little Jersey country town of Madison. Four years later, in 1860, it moved to South Orange. There, only two miles beyond the end of the Newark horsecar line, the new school felt a bit closer to the center of things.

Heart of the college in its beginning years was the Divinity School. Still going strong as a small but important part of the University, this school numbers among its graduates not only Archbishop Boland and Bishop McNulty, but Jersey's other two ordinaries, Bishop George W. Ahr and Bishop Justin J. McCarthy. Present director of the School is Monsignor William F. Furlong.

In 1862, the college held its first commencement. The times were rugged. Men were men, teachers were eagle-eyed, and the scholars of Seton Hall began their academic day in response to the clang of a large bell at 4 A.M.

Since then the Hall has survived three disastrous fires and a series of financial crises. For seventy-five years, development was slow, reaching a record enrollment of 341 in 1931. In 1927 Immaculate Conception Seminary, the Divinity school, was moved off the main campus by way of marking the Hall's desire to place its emphasis on the development of lay leaders.

Expansion came in a large way in the late 1930's. The war slowed things down but after it was over, the influx of students on the G.I. bill accelerated them again.

Throughout the years, the Hall has maintained her academic standards. Monsignor McNulty feels that "one of the blessed events" of his own regime was the Middle States Accrediting Committee's visit to the school for the purpose of changing its administrative position from that of a college to a university.

"At that time," he says, "Seton Hall was the beneficiary of some very careful thinking on the part of the Accrediting Committee. All the functions of the University were divided under three headings: instruction, personnel, and business. Three vice presidents were named to supervise these departments: Rev. Dr. Thomas W. Cunningham, Dr. Alfred D. Donovan, and Rev. John F. Davis, M.B.A. In this manner the triple functions of the school were centralized under individuals having direct contact with the president."

Since Seton Hall became a university, Monsignor McNulty reveals, "undergraduate and graduate councils have become important elements in policy making." In charge of the three major

branches created by the elevation to university status are Reverend Dr. Edward J. Fleming, dean of the Newark and Jersey City units; Reverend Thomas J. Gillhooly, dean of the Paterson college; and Reverend Clement A. Ockay, dean of the main campus.

Growth has brought many world-renowned men and women to the faculty. There is Dr. Miriam Theresa Rooney, only woman law dean in the United States, famous for her contributions to the fields of legal philosophy and bibliography. Reverend Thomas M. Reardon, hero of Guadalcanal, is the law school regent. There is Sister Teresa Gertrude, Director of Guidance. Prior to entering the order of the Benedictines of New Jersey, Sister Teresa Gertrude was personnel director of Marshall Field's of Chicago, one of the great department stores of the world.

There is Dr. Paul K. T. Sih, whose first book in English, *From Confucius to Christ*, was the outgrowth of the moving story of his conversion in THE SIGN. Under the regency of Father Raymond de Jaegher, Dr. Sih directs the work of the Far Eastern Institute.

There is Dr. Ellis V. Brown, professor of chemistry. As director of all biological and chemical research at the Hall, Dr. Brown presides over a program of laboratory experimentation that has already contributed heavy ammunition to the battle against cancer, alcoholism, and paranoia.

Many other faculty members, equally formidable in scholastic circles, could be mentioned. In a large house on the Newark fringe of the main campus, Dr. John C. H. Wu, Professor of Law, lives with his wife and five of their thirteen children. Roscoe Pound, one of the grand old men of American law, has described 59-year-old Wu as "probably the most versatile man" of our generation. Jurist, poet, philosopher, Wu—in the words of Dr. Frank Sheed—is "totally Chinese, totally Christian, and totally himself."

Big today, Seton Hall is bound to be bigger tomorrow. According to Dr. Donovan, vice president in charge of student personnel services, the Hall's enrollment will reach 16,000 during the next decade. What then? Is the Hall braced?

Monsignor McNulty's answer: "We can take care of 16,000 students any old time without so much as adding a brick to our plant." In other words, Seton Hall is saying to the future precisely what it says to the present: If you need anything that will make you love God more, that will make you more loyal and true to your country, that will make you live with your fellow man in greater harmony and peace, knock on the door and Seton Hall will answer.

MY FAVORITE SAINT



Saint of the Sacred Heart

by RUTH HUME

"So frail and tenderly sad; so charming and sublime," Saint Margaret Mary was sent to remind men of God's tremendous personal love for them

Paray-le-Monial is a small and beautiful town in the middle of Burgundy. It is an easy two hundred and fourteen miles from Paris. You take the 9 A.M. express to Moulins and change to the little electric train across the platform. You are in Paray before two o'clock, after a run through some of the most beautiful farmland of the green Burgundian countryside.

I was there on the Fourth of July—the first Friday of the month. Paray was a welcome change of pace after two weeks in Paris at the height of the American tourist season.

It is surprising that this Burgundian town has never become a center for pilgrims and tourists, in the manner of Lourdes and Fatima, for it was there that one of the most magnificent and far-reaching episodes in the life of the Church took place. From Paray—and from the humble and radiant saint who lived there three hundred years ago—came the flowering of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus as we know it today.

"Devotion to the Sacred Heart." Pope Pius XII wrote in the encyclical, *Haurietis Aquam*, "is so important that it may be considered, so far as practice is concerned, the perfect profession of the Christian religion." In choosing the apostle of the new revelation of the devotion, God, as He had done in similar situations before and since, bypassed the powerful, the learned, the influential, and the efficient. He chose

someone almost dramatically lacking in these temporal virtues.

Her name was Margaret Alacoque and she was born in 1647 in a small Burgundian village. When she was a little girl, Margaret used to leaf through the family's *Lives of the Saints*, trying to find a model who was "easy to imitate." It is one of her own characteristics as a saint that she herself is almost impossible to imitate. Margaret's dealings were so directly with God that she leaves the world even more hopelessly behind than it usually is when tracing the footsteps of saints.

Margaret learned the heroic ways of patience at a pathetically early age. When she was eight years old her happy home was disrupted by her father's sudden death. A few years later she herself was stricken with a devastating illness for which there was neither diagnosis nor cure in the seventeenth century. She grew progressively thinner and weaker, until she could not even sit up in bed without help. One day, in the fourth year of her illness, Margaret's mother suggested that she promise the Blessed Virgin "to become one of her daughters" if she were cured. Margaret agreed eagerly and the vow was made. The next day all her symptoms had disappeared.

But Margaret's troubles were by no means over. For four years more, Margaret and her mother filled the miserable role of poor relations in the home of Madame Alacoque's in-laws. The house-

hold was run by a trio of harpies who could have given lessons in petty cruelty to Cinderella's relatives. When Margaret's brother came of age and came home as master of the house, the three lady in-laws did not exactly crawl back under a rock, but they were at least partially defanged. Margaret was now put to a new test.

Her brother was planning to be married. Madame Alacoque was secretly frantic. She had had all she wanted of female in-laws, and a daughter-in-law might prove to be the worst kind. She yearned for the day when Margaret would establish her own household. After eight years divided between a sickbed and the life of a scullery maid, Margaret found herself in the unaccustomed and not unattractive role of society belle. The family fortunes had mended. Margaret was now that most eligible of all seventeenth-century girls: a pretty eighteen-year-old with a good dowry. Wealthy and eager suitors began to call. Madame Alacoque was ecstatic.

There was only one obstacle to the mother's not unnatural ambitions: the inconvenient vow that Margaret had taken—and been taken up on—so many years ago. This, the parish priest assured her, was no real problem. The vow could be dispensed. But, to her mother's dismay, Margaret did not go along with this convenient view. For another five years the poor girl lived in a state of anguished indecision. She longed for the religious life, but she

dreaded the floods of maternal tears that greeted any mention of it.

By this time, she had already begun to have that incredible sense of the actual presence of God that later became continual. She is vague about the exact nature of these visions, but they were very real and often very pointed. Margaret, dressed in brocades and jewels, would return to her room at night, after a party, and find Christ waiting for her in the crowning thorns and blood-stained robe of the judgment hall.

She could no longer resist Him, and with the help of a visiting Franciscan preacher she talked her family into grudging agreement to her entrance into the convent. In May of 1671 her brother took her to the Visitation convent at Paray-le-Monial.

The young novice found it difficult to adjust her extraordinary graces to the practicalities of convent life. Her superiors reminded her that the founders of the Visitation, St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane de Chantal, had once prayed that no special graces would ever distinguish their order. There was some question about allowing her to make her final profession, until Our Lord sent her to the Mother Superior with the message that He Himself would be Margaret's surety, if the nuns would allow her to take her vows. The Superior was confused by this message, as she was confused by everything else about Margaret, but she decided to accept the bargain.

Neurotic girls plagued seventeenth-century novice mistresses more than they do today, since the careful psychological screening processes of the modern convent had not yet been thought of. There was one standard procedure, however, for chasing imaginary voices from the ears of overenthusiastic novices. Margaret's superiors employed it to the full. Poor Margaret spent much of her novitiate sweeping and scrubbing and peeling potatoes. While her fellow novices were in chapel during meditation, Margaret would be dispatched to the garden with a hoe and a watering can and told to meditate while she worked. Even the days of retreat before her profession were spent out of doors keeping a couple of donkeys from trampling the vegetable garden.

Yet it was on these days that she had some of her most wonderful mystical experiences, for Our Lord kept watch with her. Ever after that she had a great affection for that particular spot. "It was there that I received such great graces that I have never experienced any like them. Especially what He made known to me on the mystery of His holy death and passion. . . ."

When the great revelations of the

Sacred Heart began to be made to her, Margaret herself knew very little about the past history of the devotion. Her formal schooling had been brief and she had had no extensive religious education. It is highly unlikely that she knew the history of St. Lutgard or St. Gertrude, the great thirteenth-century mystics to whom earlier revelations of the Sacred Heart had been made.

By the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, devotion to the Sacred Heart, springing for the most part from the Franciscan devotion to the Five Wounds, was spreading and was practiced by a distinguished company of saints: Catherine of Siena, Francis Borgia, Peter Canisius, Aloysius Gonzaga, Francis de Sales, and many others. In 1672 the first public feast of the Sacred Heart was kept on October 20 by the two religious congregations founded by St. John Eudes.

"The turning point in the history of devotion to the Sacred Heart," wrote the historian, Mother Margaret Williams, R.S.C.J., "came in the months following the profession of Sister Margaret Mary Alacoque in 1672. . . . She was its chosen apostle, though she never left her cloister. The hours which the young contemplative spent in rapture behind her grille were God's chosen hours."

By Margaret Mary's time, the ice-cold fingers of Jansenism were already tightening around the throat of Europe. Conditioned as we are to the idea of God's consuming love for mankind, it is hard to understand just how the unattractive teachings of Jansenism ever got the hold over the Catholic population that they did. The concept of a God full of justice but without love, of a Christ who died for a chosen few, of a Eucharist reserved for the nearly perfect—all this seems foolish as well as heretical.

But this was the moment in history for which God had been waiting to reveal the devotion of fiery love to the whole world. For devotion to the Sacred Heart is, above all things, a devotion of love—the love of Jesus Christ symbolically represented by His Heart of flesh. This idea was so foreign to the blood-chilling tenets of Jansenism that years later, when the feast of the Sacred Heart was approved locally in France, the Jansenists angrily made it a point to stay away from Mass altogether that day.

The first of the great revelations of the Sacred Heart to Saint Margaret Mary was made on the Feast of Saint John, in 1673. In the bustle and goodwill

of the Christmas holidays, nobody had given Margaret any extra chores. Alone in the chapel, "I lost all thought of myself and of the place where I was and abandoned myself to the Divine Spirit. . . . He discovered to me the marvels of His love and the inexplicable secrets of His Sacred Heart, which He had up to this time concealed from me."

In a later vision Our Lord commanded her to receive Communion on the first Friday of every month and to keep watch for an hour on the Thursday night before. Two years later came the last great vision in which Our Lord asked that the Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi should be made a special, yearly feast in honor of His Sacred Heart.

How Margaret was to bring all this about was not made immediately clear. At the moment she could not even convince her own superiors that her visions were true ones. The Mother Superior had done what she could to be fair. She had summoned a trio of allegedly learned priests to whom poor, timid Margaret, quaking in her shoes, had been made to tell the whole unlikely story. The verdict: "Make that little sister eat more soup. That will chase away her delusions!"

Margaret could not wholly convince even herself that she was not the victim of illusion. A greater intellect than hers—St. Teresa of Avila's—had once wrestled with exactly the same problem. But even before the last great revelation, Our Lord had told her: "I will send you my faithful servant and perfect friend. . . ." Margaret waited for the promised help, with no idea how or when it would come.

One day the Superior announced that the newly appointed head of a neighboring religious house would come to give a conference at the convent. The nuns filed into the chapel. The grille curtains were pulled and Margaret saw a tall, aristocratic young man with sensitive features and searching dark eyes. In the moment of silence before he began to speak, she heard the silent voice in her heart say, "This is he whom I send you!"

His name was Claude de la Colombière, S.J. The townspeople were delighted with his appointment, but they could not understand why such an eloquent and famous preacher, fresh from the court circles of Paris, had been sent to be superior of so small an establishment as the Jesuit school in Paray.

For the first time in her life Margaret had a real spiritual director. This magnificent priest, whom Our Lord had called His "perfect friend," soon became convinced of the validity of her experiences and removed her doubts

RUTH HUME, mother of four children and wife of Paul Hume, music critic for the *Washington Post*, has written extensively for magazines.

forever. In 1676 he was sent in secret to England, as chaplain to the Italian princess who had married the King's brother. Here, in the secret gatherings of the faithful whose faith could cost them their lives, he told the story of Paray and preached the devotion of love. Thus it happened that the new-found knowledge of the Sacred Heart began to grow first in post-Cromwellian England.

Following the lead of the saintly De la Colombière, other young Jesuits became eager champions of the devotion. It had need of many champions. Years passed before it won the approval of Rome, and more years passed before the great Feast of the Sacred Heart was extended to the universal Church. Prejudice and politics and some of the strangest contradictions in ecclesiastical history stood in the way.

But St. Margaret Mary lived long enough to see the triumph of the Sacred Heart in the place she loved best: her own convent. In 1684 she had been made mistress of novices. To celebrate her feast day, the loyal and rash young novices, braving the disapproval of the older nuns, made a wonderfully naïve little drawing of the Sacred Heart as they imagined it and tacked it up on an improvised altar in the convent. The next year, Margaret had the satisfaction of seeing the nun who had most opposed the "innovation" instigate the first celebration of the new feast, on the Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi. Later that year, with money raised by produce from the vegetable patch, the nuns began building a little chapel to the Sacred Heart in a corner of the Visitation garden. The chapel is still standing. Once a year, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the gates of the cloistered garden are unlocked, and townspeople and pilgrims may go in to honor the memory of their saint.

For one who was so completely humble, St. Margaret Mary has made herself a number of enemies over the years. The Jansenists, of course, loathed her. So did the rationalists. In more recent years no less eminent a foe than William James used her as the supreme example of the neurotic pseudomystic. Yet St. Margaret Mary—"so frail and tenderly sad; so charming and sublime"—is probably no more outraged by all this than she once was by the opinion of her contemporaries. She was entrusted with a staggering mission—one of the most important in the history of the Church. The mission was accomplished. It was her great hope that in the years following her death, devotion to the Sacred Heart would spread over the world and that she herself would be forgotten. Happily, only the first half of her wish has been granted.



First chapel dedicated to the Sacred Heart was in Paray-le-Monial convent garden, Sept. 1688



Painting by C. Muccioli of one of the visions. Saint Peter's, Rome



Monastery of the Visitation at Paray-le-Monial, France



Side view of the Monastery of the Visitation at Paray-le-Monial. It was here that St. Margaret was first received, June 20, 1671

Parishioners arriving at a midwestern church not too long ago were shocked to find a notice posted on the door advising them that no Masses would be said that Sunday. The sudden death of two priests had so depleted the diocese that it was impossible for the Bishop to fill the vacancy in the parish for a month.

In another diocese there are three priests over the age of eighty-five serving parishes without assistance because no young priests are available to relieve them. In yet another, not a single priest was ordained in the course of an entire year!

Some priests travel as much as a hundred miles on a Sunday morning, rushing to say Mass in the three scattered parishes they serve simultaneously. In parts of the country, it is not uncommon to find one Catholic church seventy-five miles distant from its closest "neighboring" parish—many hundreds of square miles served by a single priest. It has been estimated that almost a third of the more than three thousand counties of the United States are without the services of a resident priest. In all America there are really only two dioceses than can even remotely qualify as being adequately staffed, where desperately overworked priests have a chance to do more than administer the sheer necessities of the Faith.

"We could use 13,650 additional priests next Sunday," one authority stated recently. With census figures showing 30,669,000 professed American Catholics over the age of fourteen and estimating an additional thirteen million under that age, even at the far from ideal rate of one priest for every thousand Catholics, that extra number of priests is required only to fill existing needs. It would not begin to cope with the terrific rate of growth in the Catholic population, much less provide the priest-power necessary to carry out an effective home-mission program among America's non-Catholic millions.

No wonder that many American bishops must still try to recruit what priests they can from Ireland, that a Bishop in the Southwest says that he could use a hundred more priests in his diocese and place no two of them in the same community.

Formidable in America, this vocation crisis is assuming even more alarming proportions in other countries. The Holy Father points to the fact "that the lack of priests is especially noticeable today, and threatens to become even more so. We are thinking especially of the territories of Latin America, the people and the states which are under rapid development at the present time."

In Mexico, for example, 5,261 priests

are charged with the care of 29,000,000 Catholics—over 5,000 people to every priest. South America desperately needs 40,000 priests! In Europe, the Communist persecution has ravaged the ranks of the religious in dozens of countries and sealed off great numbers of potential vocations. The cry for thousands of priests, Brothers, and Sisters is heard from every corner of the world.

A large share of the responsibility must fall on American Catholics and America has the potential to meet the challenge. Almost 5,000,000 young Catholics are presently enrolled in parochial schools, with millions more attending public schools. Admittedly, great numbers of American youth are entering seminaries and convents. But, while there are now more vocations than ever before, the proportion of vocations to the population has decreased

Serra International, named after California's great builder of missions, Fr. Junipero Serra, is composed of 8,000 Catholic men in thirty-eight states, three Provinces of Canada, England, Ireland, Germany, Mexico, Alaska, Puerto Rico, Peru, and Brazil. It is dedicated to two concepts: to foster vocations and assist in the education of young men for the priesthood and to further Catholicism through enduring friendships among Catholic men.

To the casual observer, Serra might appear as just another service organization, complete with good fellowship and the perpetual weekly luncheon meeting. A Serra unit is made up of outstanding Catholic business and professional men, selected carefully and categorized by occupation. Serrans pay dues, wear lapel pins, and sponsor social functions. But here the resemblance between Serra and

Father Serra would be

PROUD

Can laymen do anything about the need for more priests? Serra International shows that they can

by DAN HERR and JOEL WELLS

as the needs have dramatically multiplied. In considering the future of the Church in America and in the world, one question towers above all others: how to meet this growing need.

A group that is determined to find the answer to the vocation question and to implement its answer is a remarkably vital young organization called Serra International. In a very special way, the men of Serra International are answering the plea of Pope Pius XII, who has insisted "that in no better way than this work for an increase in the ranks of the secular and regular clergy can the laity really participate in the high dignity of the kingly priesthood, which the Prince of the Apostles attributes to the whole body of the redeemed."

Unique in its concept and structure,

the usual social groups ends. A closer look reveals essential differences.

Whoever heard of an organization that dropped perfectly good, paid-up members simply because they failed to attend meetings? Serra does, quite regularly and methodically. Serra meetings do feature after-dinner speakers, but the speaker will not be concerned with entertaining his audience, nor does the audience want to be entertained. Instead he will discuss a vital aspect of Catholicism and its application to the Catholic layman.

Serra International is primarily concerned with vocations to the priesthood, but, if a Bishop requests, they broaden their work to include the religious life as well. The practical means by which Serra carries out its vocation

program are myriad and reflect the hard work and inventiveness of each individual club. St. Louis Serrans have produced two widely circulated vocation movies: *Captains in His Army* and *God's Career Women*. The Boston Club sets up vocational book racks, and the Los Angeles Club has established a loan fund for seminarians; Pittsburgh sponsors the advanced education of a priest in Rome and finds suitable summer employment for seminary students; San Juan, Puerto Rico, presents a weekly radio program of vocational material.

Recognizing the fact that potential vocations are too often stifled by lack of proper information, unfamiliarity with religious life, and lack of guidance, Serrans concentrate their efforts on making young people aware of the fact that they are needed and wanted in the



Harry O'Haire,
the Executive Secretary of Serra.
Under his direction
Serra achieved its
remarkable growth



religious life and in giving them the opportunity to see firsthand what it is really like. Community vocation days are sponsored and skillfully promoted; altar boys are taken on picnics to nearby seminaries; several summer camps for boys ten through fourteen are operated by Serra Clubs and staffed by seminarians; vocational retreats for sixth, seventh, and eighth grade boys are held. Due to Serra's efforts, a prayer for vocations is recited by the Catholic School children in fifteen dioceses, nation-wide vocational essay and poster contests have helped to make thousands of youngsters aware of the fact that they may be a potential priest, Brother, or Sister.

Because they are laymen, Serrans can be immensely effective in helping to break down one of the biggest barriers



After a luncheon
in their honor, newly
ordained priests in
the Los Angeles
Archdiocese give
their blessing to Los
Angeles Serrans

An altar boy
receives a medal and
certificate from
the Calumet Area,
Indiana, Serrans
and the club chaplain

to vocations—parental objection. Members of Serra's many Speakers' Bureaus stress the dignity and honor of having a son or daughter in the religious life to thousands of Catholic parents every year. In direct financial aid, Serra Clubs have given over \$1,000,000 to their respective Bishops for the support of seminaries.

Nor does Serra overlook the most powerful of all aids in obtaining vocations: every Serra meeting opens and closes with a prayer for vocations; New Jersey Serra Clubs alone have distributed "A Prayer for Vocations" to 1,300,000 families; many Serrans make an annual retreat for the same intention, and a perpetual novena for vocations is a regularly Serra-sponsored devotion.

The results of Serra's many vocational programs are hard to measure in statistics. Serra International's Executive Secretary says, "It would be presumptuous for Serra to claim any given vocation, for Serra is merely a catalyst and humble enough not to claim credit that belongs to God."

The fact that Serra's work is productive, however, is documented by the presence of twenty Bishops at last year's convention in Los Angeles—even more are expected this summer in Chicago. One Bishop states that vocations have increased fourfold since Serra petitioned permission to organize in his diocese. Another credits Serra for encouraging twelve vocations to the priesthood in his diocese. And even from the ranks of Serra members themselves, established business and professional men, there have come four priests and two brothers—an eloquent endorsement to the effectiveness of the program.

Because Serra is relatively young, expanding in scope as it grows, and because it has shown a startling lack of interest in publicity through the years, the work, sometimes even the existence, of this vital organization is unknown to many American Catholics.

Actually Serra is celebrating its twentieth birthday. Its beginnings were characteristically simple. In 1938, four Seattle, Washington, businessmen—Don Rooney, Richard Ward, Harold Haberle, and the late Leo Sharkey—became concerned about what they interpreted as a growing antagonism to the Church. They decided to meet together informally to discuss this problem and others which affected them as Catholic laymen. Other men soon joined them and, almost without realizing it, they had an organization.

The founding members soon discovered that they had wrought more than they realized when they first started meeting regularly for lunch. A priest-chaplain was appointed by the Bishop of Seattle, and the group began to

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search for a profound objective that not only would hold the club together but would give lasting value to their activities. They had recognized Serra's value to them, but they were aware that eventually this value would depend on how Serrans could help others.

Too striking to be just a coincidence was the visit at this time of a Serra member to a seminary where he learned of two boys who wished to enter but could not finance their education. If only there were an organization for just this purpose, the seminary rector exclaimed. Almost immediately there was—Serra.

The movement slowly spread throughout the country as members from the original club traveled or moved to another city and word of this exciting new idea reached others who recognized its potential. From one club with four members to 175 clubs with more than 8,000 members did not come overnight. And yet it came more quickly than

the most optimistic prophet would have foretold. It came, too, despite the most rigid standards of membership and an almost harsh selectivity.

Serra International is an expertly organized group whose officers and directors are expected to, and do, make heavy sacrifices to serve their cause. The Executive Secretary, the only salaried member of Serra, is the link between the officers and directors, the 27 Governors of international districts, and the 175 clubs. Since 1947, when a national office was first established through the pioneering efforts of the late Frank Bruce, head of Milwaukee's Bruce Publishing Company, Harry J. O'Haire has been the Executive Secretary. In fact, most Serrans find it hard to conceive of Serra existing without the inspiration and the dynamism which Mr. O'Haire has furnished. Serra International and Mr. O'Haire have been so intertwined, so mutually identified, that by now no one can think of one without the other. Under his direction, Serra has achieved its remarkable growth and through his leadership the nebulous organization of yesterday has become the outstanding Serra International of today with all its breadth of scope and purpose.

The third in the trio who have created the new Serra is Samuel Cardinal Stritch, former Cardinal Archbishop of Chicago and now Pro-Prefect of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. The Episcopal Adviser of Serra since 1946, Cardinal Stritch has maintained a vigilant interest in the organization, helping, advising, warning, to insure that Serra lives up to the high standards he established for it.

The Program Chairman of a Serra Club is among the busiest of men, always searching for qualified speakers to address the weekly meetings on some aspect of the current study project. These projects have been as varied as they are ambitious. Serrans have been instructed in detail in Church History, the Doctrine of the Mystical Body, the Social Encyclicals, the Church and the Current Crisis, the Mass and the Sacraments, and the Social Role of the American Catholic. This year's program is concerned with the Code of Canon Law, the Roman Curia, and the Index.

From all these activities—spiritual, intellectual, practical—the Serra member emerges as a marvelously competent and valuable lay apostle. To spread Catholic influence in the business world, into the homes and lives of his friends, to meet effectively the call to Catholic Action that has never sounded more insistently or more desperately is the ideal every Serran strives to attain—in the words of Father Serra, "Always to go forward and never turn back."



Mission Accomplished

▶ Setting out on a bus journey, an old lady wished to avoid a talkative seat companion, if possible. She was among the first aboard and she saw, among those who followed, a priest carrying his breviary. Knowing that he probably wished to travel in solitude on the crowded bus, she began at the open window a deaf-mute conversation directed at a nonexistent "someone" outside. She smiled, nodded, and waved good-by in sign language to her "friend."

The clergyman, now aboard, eased into the seat beside her with alacrity. They both had a delightful trip—in absolute silence!

(Mrs.) Mary E. McCarthy

* The Sign's Play of the year

STAGE AND SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER



Barbara Cook and Robert Preston in "The Music Man," outstanding stage offering of the current season

The Theater Season

In spite of critics, the widescreen, Perry Como, and the \$64,000 Question, the American theater has proved to be a most durable institution. For many years now, its doom has been regularly and loudly proclaimed, but it manages to cling tenaciously to life and box office.

The 1957-58 season has been better than most, proving again that there is an audience always ready and waiting for good plays. There has been more than a just share of dramas about frustrated youth battling the forces arrayed against them and the squalid atmospheres in which their "genius" is being wasted. To compensate, however, this season has brought forth a sound and varied array of intriguing plays, musicals, satire, good comedy, and several examples of exceptional writing ability.

In the order of arrival, rather than merit, the outstanding plays of the season would be: *Mary Stuart*, an adaptation of Schiller's taut drama about Mary, Queen of Scots and the first Elizabeth, a fascinating example of the classic drama; *Romanoff and Juliet*, a diverting farce set in a modern-day mythical kingdom; *The Cave Dwellers*, a tenderly written, occasionally rambling, but always absorbing Saroyan fantasy; Anouilh's *Time Remembered*, a wistful, witty, and

absurd fantasy comedy superbly acted; *The Rope Dancer*, a grim study of anguish in a 1900-vintage tenement; *Look Homeward, Angel*, based on Wolfe's novel, a vivid study of a despairing young man; *Dark at the Top of the Stairs*, a sensitive and powerful drama by William Inge; *The Music Man*, an enchanting and rousing musical charade; *Who Was That Lady?*, a rambunctious farce; *Sunrise at Campobello*, a beautifully acted account of FDR's bout with polio. It should be noted that *Look Homeward, Angel* and *Dark at the Top of the Stairs* do not receive an unreserved recommendation, due to imperfections in handling of some moral issues.

Among the season's portrayals, the most memorable were contributed by Helen Hayes and Richard Burton (*Time Remembered*); Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, Joan Blondell (*The Rope Dancers*); Irene Worth and Eva Le Gallienne (*Mary Stuart*); Robert Preston and Barbara Cook (*The Music Man*); Eugenie Leontovich, Barry Jones, and Wayne Morris (*The Cave Dwellers*); Peter Ustinov (*Romanoff and Juliet*); Ralph Bellamy, Mary Fickett, Henry Jones and Alan Bunce (*Sunset at Campobello*); Tony Perkins and Jo Van Fleet (*Look Homeward, Angel*); Teresa Wright and Eileen Heckert (*Dark at the Top of the Stairs*); Anne Bancroft (*Two for the Seesaw*); Dean Stockwell and Roddy MacDowall (*Compulsion*); and Arthur Treacher (*Back to Methuselah*).

with special mention to Marcel Marceau for his brilliant pantomime performance.

As the most enjoyable play of the season, we would select **THE MUSIC MAN**, a truly great musical comedy in which entertainment, rousing music, and good clean fun dominate the stage. A wonderful show in every respect for which Meredith Willson and friends rate 76 rousing cheers from the audience. It is **THE SIGN** selection as the best play of the season!

The New Plays

SAY, DARLING is bright, often hilarious, and impertinent as it pokes a satirical finger at the mad whirl of the theater, specifically that portion of it which turns out musical comedies. Based on Richard Bissell's very funny book, which was in turn founded on his experiences during the production of his first book, *The Pajama Game*, this is billed as a "comedy about a musical." Though the plot does wear thin on occasion, there are a sufficient number of really bright moments and good performances to give the whole affair a rhinestone glitter. David Wayne, as the writer from Iowa who finds the theater an outer-space realm; Vivian Blaine, as a brassy, fading movie star; Johnny Desmond, in the role of an egomaniac songwriter, are funny and plausible, with Jerome Cowan, Horace McMahon, Constance Ford, and Robert Morse giving them first-rate support. Though this is primarily a comedy, there are nine songs and one dance routine, and the net result is a lively, witty, adult show.

Reviews in Brief

THE PROUD REBEL is a poignant and engrossing study of a father's devotion to his boy who has been shocked into muteness by the sight of his mother's death during the Union Army sacking of Atlanta. Father and son roam the land seeking a cure and finally settle in a small Illinois community. An appealing story is made even more effective by the splendid performance of eleven-year-old David Ladd, whose father Alan is the nominal star of the picture. Olivia de Havilland, Dean Jagger, and Cecil Kellaway add much to the fine results achieved in this visually beautiful, heart-warming family picture. It is one you should not miss! (Buena Vista)

Flight training by the young fliers of the RAF occupies most of the footage in **HIGH FLIGHT**, a British-made drama with Ray Milland heading the cast. For the most part this is slow and familiar material for American audiences, though there are some exciting aerial action sequences. (M-G-M)

Catholics are often, and perhaps justly, accused of being more concerned with condemning bad movies than in supporting good ones. The opportunity for some constructive moviegoing, and also a tremendous personal experience, comes again with the reissuing of **MARCELINO**, the Spanish-made story of a boy's Faith and its miraculous and poignant results. Few motion pictures have achieved the simple beauty and spiritual power of this modestly produced, genuinely affecting picture. And few movies so genuinely deserve wholehearted and widespread Catholic support. Your local theater manager can book it through United Motion Picture Organization, Inc., 130 East 58th Street, New York 22, N.Y.

Collette's **GIGI** has been refashioned and revitalized into a tuneful, humorous, musical fantasy starring Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, and Hermione Gingold.

The Parisian backgrounds, lilting score, and new definitions in the characters go a long way toward removing the sordidness of the original tale. Still strictly adult material, this version of a basically unpleasant and amoral story comes through with its share of amusing moments—if not complete charm! (M-G-M)

Frank Lovejoy changes type in essaying the role of **COLE YOUNGER, GUN FIGHTER**, an unusual and generally interesting variation on a familiar theme. As the legendary badman, Lovejoy offers a clear-cut and exceptionally strong characterization which overshadows the dull spots in script and action. Despite competition from more lavish productions, this CinemaScope yarn stands out as first-rate storytelling. (Allied Artists)

WINDJAMMER, introducing the latest widescreen projection known as Cinemiracle, is a magnificent pictorial attraction, a semidocumentary relating the 17,000-mile voyage of the Norwegian training ship, "Christian Radich." Sailing from Oslo with a crew of cadets and a few seasoned officers, the windjammer, one of the last of the square-rigged sailships, visited Madeira, followed Columbus' route across the Atlantic, cruised the Caribbean, and headed home across the North Atlantic. All the highlights of the voyage, a hurricane, sledding down a Madeiran mountain, skin diving, a New York visit, seascapes of wondrous beauty, and amusing scenes of shipboard life comprise this fascinating twentieth-century adventure. The Cinemiracle process, employing three-cameras-in-one, is a definite improvement on other widescreen projections. Though not completely free of technical flaws, this is indeed an entertainment "must" for every member of the family. (National-deRochemont)

Ernest Hemingway's **THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA** is pictorially exciting, dramatically offbeat, and acted with understanding and compassion by Spencer Tracy. As the aged, tired, "unlucky" fisherman who has gone into the Gulf Stream for 84 days without catching a fish, Tracy gives a performance the equal of his previous best. He is the dispirited, yet hopeful, Cuban of the Hemingway story, wearied by a lifetime of struggle, but ready and able to take on the mightiest fish he has ever encountered, a monster marlin which tests his skill for three days and nights. Much of the film is a soliloquy as the Old Man alternately struggles, rests, and dreams of the past. Mighty effective, though inclined toward repetition, the story also emphasizes the relationship between the old fisherman and a young boy who had been his helper and remained his true friend. Felipe Pazos plays this ten-year-old lad with unusual skill. Though somewhat limited in its audience appeal, this is a fine blend of acting, photographic, and writing skills. It is a motion picture for the discriminating and the connoisseur. (Warner Bros.)

A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE, based on Erich Maria Remarque's novel, is an intriguing and poignant study of life and romance in Berlin during the World War II bombings. Unlike the author's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, which approached the first global conflict in broad terms, this centers on a German soldier and the girl he marries during his brief leave from the Russian front. The battered Berliners, their varied reactions to the war and the fanatics who rule them, come through forcefully in this intelligently developed, somber theme. Two newcomers to American audiences, Swiss actress Lilo Pulver and John Gavin, give sensitive, tremendously effective performances, aided by Keenan Wynn, Don DeFore, Dorothea Wieck, Jock Mahoney, and author Remarque in a small, but im-

ressive, role. An adult analysis of war's impact "on the other side," this underscores, in several sharp dramatic scenes, the terrible tragedy and senseless waste of war. (Universal-International)

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: *The Music Man; Sunrise at Campobello; Child of the Morning* (On Tour) *The Happiest Millionaire; Marcel Marceau*

FOR ADULTS: *My Fair Lady; Most Happy Fella; Time Remembered; Bells are Ringing; The Rope Dancers; Who Was That Lady?; Romanoff and Juliet; Say, Darling* (On Tour) *The Diary of Anne Frank; A Visit to a Small Planet; No Time for Sergeants*

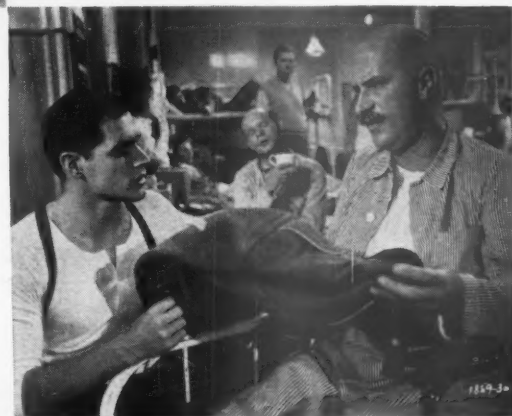
**PARTLY
OBJECTIONABLE:** *Look Homeward, Angel; The Dark at the Top of the Stairs; Li'l Abner; Jamaica; Back to Methuselah*



A three-masted square-rigger (above) follows Christopher Columbus' route in "Windjammer"

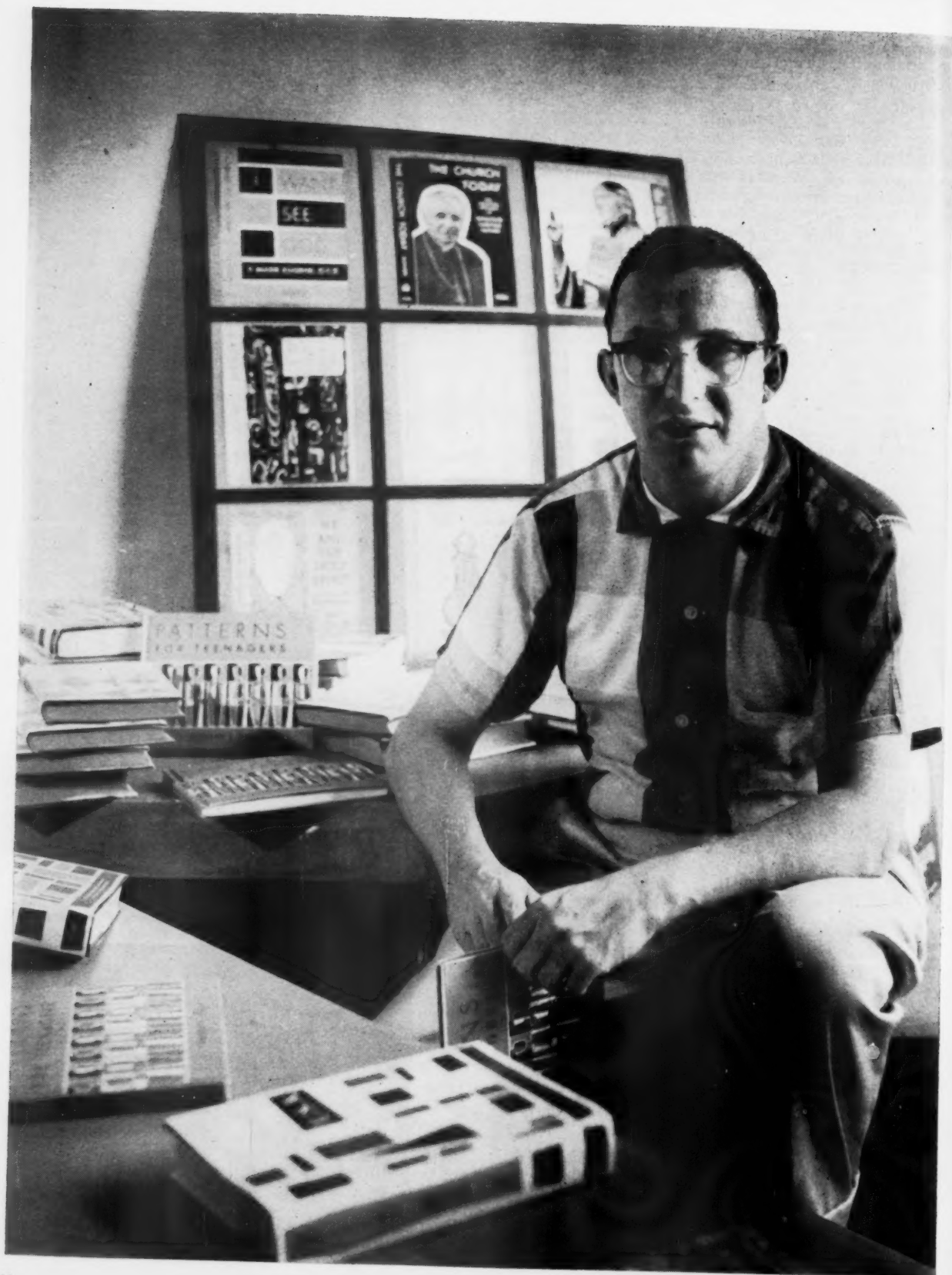
Spencer Tracy and Felipe Pazos (left) in "The Old Man and the Sea," Hemingway's story transposed to the motion picture screen

John Gavin and Keenan Wynn (below) in Remarque's "A Time to Love and a Time to Die"



(On Tour) *Separate Tables; Damn Yankees; Inherit the Wind*

**COMPLETELY
OBJECTIONABLE:** *Two for the Seesaw; Auntie Mame; Long Day's Journey into Night; West Side Story; New Girl in Town; Oh Captain; The Entertainer; Look Back in Anger; Fair Game; Garden District; Endgame; Threepenny Opera; Waltz of the Toreadors; Blue Denim; Love me Little* (On Tour) *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof; Tunnel of Love*



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Apostle with an itch

Vincent J. Giese of Chicago is an apostle with an itch in an age with an itch. The controlling difference is that the itch of the age is a restless drive to taste all kinds of vicarious experience in search of the full and happy life, while Giese's itch is an apostolic drive born of a sense of commitment to his Church and to his community. Or as Giese himself would put it: "I have found that to make a commitment to a particular task or apostolate is the most liberating experience of all. Within the framework of a commitment, man can free himself to make a full, human contribution. Moreover, an apostolic commitment is not a matter of option, but a consequence of membership in the Mystical Body of Christ."

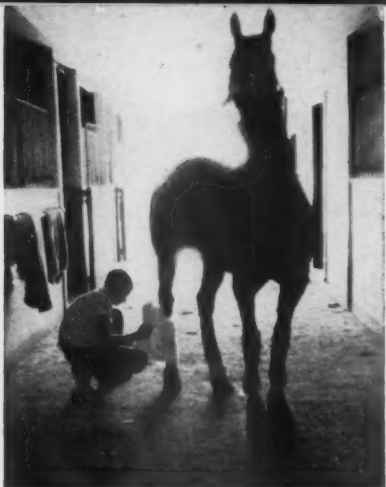
The results of Giese's commitment are many and varied for a young man of thirty-three. Besides his full-time job as editorial and production manager for Fides Publishers Association, Giese also finds time to edit *Apostolic Perspectives*, a quarterly review devoted to the lay apostolate, to serve on the boards of Chicago's archdiocesan Adult Education Centers and of the National Center of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, to work actively with the Young Christian Workers and Chicago's Catholic Council on Working Life, and to write books for Fides and articles for Catholic magazines. Closely collaborating with him at Fides is his brother Clarence, who handles art direction. The two have become such an inseparable team that they are often introduced in jest as Art and Propaganda. Together, they hope to continue to increase the effectiveness of Fides as a publishing house dedicated to the lay apostolate.

Missions unlimited



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES LOWE

"The demand for lay missionaries in foreign lands is unlimited; what we're trying to do is build up the supply by giving young people a thorough enough training to fill the demand with competence, experience, and zeal." So says Virginia Leary, director of the Chicago training center of the International Catholic Auxiliaries, a secular institute of lay women whose purpose it is to build up a strong body of Catholic lay leaders in mission lands. Founded in 1937 by Yvonne Poncelet, who died in a plane crash in 1955 while touring mission outposts, the Auxiliaries now boast some 200 members scattered in missions in India, Formosa, Vietnam, Jordan, Syria, Lebanon, the Belgian Congo, and Ruanda-Urundi, Africa, and staffing training centers in Chicago, Montreal, and Brussels. At the Chicago center, eight girls are now in various stages of training for mission work. After a minimum of three years, they will be permitted to take their first promises for five years. Only after another five years is a young woman permitted to make a lifetime commitment. Miss Leary herself came to the Auxiliaries from Salt Lake City, Utah, via the University of Chicago Law School and three years with a large Chicago law firm. What provoked her to give up a promising law career? She answers simply: "The more I thought about it, the more I became convinced that my life would have more meaning as a lay person dedicated to the work of the Church."



*Bruce Reid helps out
in his father's stables*

A Boy and his horse

**What is life like for a boy
who practically grew up on a pony?**

According to horse trainer Walter Reid of Greenwich, Conn., his son Bruce, 12, is no different from other boys, "except that he practically grew up on the back of a pony. But he does most everything a boy does—good and bad, I should say. He's definitely all boy." Now in the sixth grade at St. Mary's School in Greenwich, Bruce Reid started with a pony when he was a year-old toddler, long before many other boys even dream of having a pony. Now, he has two horses, Candy and Diamond, who are very much a part of his life. And when not having fun with them, he can often be found helping his father with the long, patient job of training other people's horses.



*Going on an outing, Bruce rides Candy
as he leads the way for his friend Bob Mili*



A SIGN PICTURE STORY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAY HARRIS



Reaching the lake behind the Reid stables, Bruce and Bob dismount, tie Candy and Diamond to a tree, and set out in a rowboat for a trip across the lake

When Bruce and his friends play cowboys and Indians, they play it for real at considerable risk to life and limb

Growing up on the back of a pony has had its pleasures and sorrows for Bruce Reid. Among the pleasures must be counted horseback outings to the lake behind the Waterman Estate where his father has his stable, racing horses in all kinds of weather in the stable's indoor racetrack, riding horses at big horse shows, and playing a very realistic game of cowboys and Indians as shown on these pages. The sorrows can be very real, too. Mr. Reid particularly remembers the time when the Reids lost a pleasure horse named Dixie, which died of old age. "Bruce took Dixie's death very hard," he recalls. "Almost got sick from it. Then a woman we know heard of the boy's grief and bought Diamond for him. He fell in love with Diamond; they just clicked together from the first minute." What is the most important value a boy gains from a horse? Mr. Reid has the answer for that, too. "It teaches him patience and kindness to creatures, for one thing; but more important than that, it gives him a chance to experience firsthand what life is all about."

Hiding out in a barn, Cowboy Bruce pulls out his trusty six-shooter and lets them Injuns have it

In an all too realistic game of cowboys, Bruce is pursued by his Indian friends, Bob Mili, left, and Ricky Mili



out
ve it

*Far be it from two brave
Indians to be dissuaded by
a mere cowboy and a bit
of flying lead. So Indians
Bob and Ricky pursue
their attack with vigor*



*But you might have known: what Indian has
a chance in a Connecticut movie? And
so poor Indian Bob bites the dust a little
too willingly under Cowboy Bruce's guns*

*The battle ends in a typical, boyish
wrestling match, despite Mrs. Reid's dismayed
disapproval. "Thank goodness, no one's
ever been hurt. But what can you do with
a boy who has his own horse?"*



Spoiled Girl

I wanted to belong to her world, to be happy as she was. Now I was going to join her and her friends. Nothing could go wrong now . . .

The day they took my Aunt Olivine away to the nursing home in Boston began as one of those enchanted October days, crisp as lettuce, a day out of context with the rest of the year . . . not fall or summer, simply unrelated to any season or to any other day of my life.

As I scurried through the rooms, fixing my hair and looking for a blue ribbon to match my blouse, my aunt's impending departure seemed only a small part of a day that held the promise of magic. Sally Norton had invited me to go on a bicycle hike with her crowd to Moosock Mountain and the invitation had left me, in my innocence, delighted and giddy. Imagine, I told myself as I looked in the mirror, Marie Therese Charpentier, from French Hill, going on an outing with *la Norton* who only last summer spent a holiday in Europe.

I saw my aunt for the final time as she sat in the old rocking chair near the kitchen window from which she had gazed, for so many years, across the yard to the backs of the stores on Third street and beyond to the three steeples of St. Jude's Church.

"Marie Therese," she called softly, and I hesitated at the door. My good-bye to her had been said the night before and

I was impatient now to be away, afraid to be late. She rose from the chair with effort and shuffled toward me. "There is still time," she said. "Ask your father again to let me stay. Do it for me . . ."

She was a wisp of a woman, no taller than the top button of my blouse, and that morning she looked thinner than ever, almost transparent. "But it would be of no use," I said, the French words echoing strangely, for I had begun to speak only English.

"I shall die there," she said. That was the only weapon she had retained, the threat of her death. "I will be good if they let me remain. I will stay in the bedroom all day and keep out of the path of others. I will be quiet, like this . . ." And she raised a quivering finger to her lips.

"It is the only way," I replied, wondering if my brother Leo had tightened the chain on the bicycle. "The doctor says you must go, it is for your own good, Tante."

Her thin hands with their tapestry of blue veins sought mine. "You were always my girl," she said sadly, but I did not take her hands, afraid of becoming enmeshed in a situation beyond my control. My father had explained many

by Robert Cormier

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES MAZOUJIAN

*I heard Sally's voice from above.
"What's all the racket about?"*





times that there was no other course. I had four brothers and three sisters and my mother herself was not feeling well, while my aunt's condition grew steadily worse.

Perhaps she read the refusal in my eyes, because hopelessness suddenly shattered her face. I guided her back to the chair, murmuring with sympathy, and under the veil of the soothing, meaningless words, I made my way to the door, leaving finally, telling myself as I ran down the stairs that I would visit her at the first opportunity and take her a bag of those six-for-a-penny butterscotch candies that she loved so much.

A sense of transition stirred me as I pedaled across the streets of French Hill, leaving behind the cluttered rows of three-story tenement houses and entering after a time the tree-softened streets of Sally's neighborhood. Until that morning, my only visits to the world of Sally Norton had been sojourns at twilight when the ache of growing up and a longing for things I could not explain had led me to wander along the streets where the houses were all big and white and shining. One night, I had stealthily watched a group of boys and girls playing a game on the lawn beside one of those houses, and their laughter ran silver in the night. For some reason, I was inexpressibly sad.

Later, I graduated from the parochial school beside the church and entered the ninth grade at Monument Junior High School and met Sally Norton, who seemed always to be all white and gold. Instantly, I identified her as one of those happy, laughing children. For some reason, she had fallen in love with the French language, an aftermath of her trip to Europe, and my accent appeared to delight her. She would seek me out in the schoolyard and, while her crowd gathered around, asked me to speak, say anything. Never before had anyone paid such attention to me.

Now I was on my way to join her and the crowd, and my laughter would mingle with hers and, as I pedaled, my loneliness slipped away, like snow sliding down a slanted roof.

For a moment, however, remorse caught at my heart as the memory of my loneliness evoked the image of my aunt. She must have been about eighty-five years old the day they took her away and everything had failed her, strength, wisdom, and health. She lived now by the ticking of some phantom clock, a ticking that no one else could hear. No longer was she the refuge to which I could run, thrusting my face into an apron that smelled somehow of camphor, finding consolation and sympathy in her arms.

I realize now that I must have been an unattractive child, not pretty or clever or quick. If suddenly some other girl asked me to play with her, I would leap with happiness and overwhelm her with affection and gratitude. And then with horror I would see the child grow uncomfortable. Inevitably, she would desert me. I would run to my aunt, who would whisper, "I know, I know. . . ."

"If only I were pretty, Tante, like the others," I would cry.

She would hold me away from her and admonish: "The spirit, Marie Therese, the spirit, that's the measure of beauty."

The words meant little to me at the time, but the consolation was important, the gentle voice or the sharp indignation against the world when she came to my defense.

There was no one else to run to with a heart that broke so easily and frequently. My mother, busy with the ceaseless chores of caring for a growing family, had no time for sentiment or quiet murmurings to unhappy children. Her heavy legs strode through the rooms unfalteringly; there were always beds to be made, clothes to be ironed, noses to be wiped, and food to be cooked.

My aunt also kept busy in the house but she always had time for a story, a song, a snatch of memory. She tried unsuccessfully to slow down my mother's pace. "The locomotive," she would describe my mother. "Look at her go. Puff, puff, puff." That was in the time before my aunt grew too old and sickly and tiresome and we all loved her without reservation and even my mother would chuckle but go on folding clothes or darning socks.

I did not realize all at once, and neither did the others, that my aunt had

become old and sick and had started living by the ticking of that mysterious clock inside her. During the day, she would sit in the rocking chair for hours at a time, scanning the kitchen with her cunning eyes, expressing an unending litany on the family, the state of the world, the neighborhood, and the church until one evening my father, the gentlest of men, threw down his newspaper and left the house for the quiet of the backyard. She found the night to be the time to be up and doing chores, washing the kitchen floor at three o'clock in the morning or baking a cake at midnight. One night, she fell in the kitchen and remained, unable to move, on the floor until my mother discovered her when she rose at dawn. As time went on, food sickened her and she existed on small cups of broth. She often grew childish and giggled to herself.

I thought of those things as I made my way to Sally's house, but the memories were wiped away as I turned into the half-moon driveway that curved in front of the Norton home. A bird fluttered on the bird bath near the side patio but there was no other movement or activity. I parked the bicycle near a door at the side of the house and wondered whether I were early . . . or late.

As I inspected my bicycle, feeling suddenly that it was shabby and too old, the door opened and a big, apple-cheeked woman in a flowered apron emerged.

"Well, what have we here?" she asked, the laughter-wrinkles deepening near the eyes. I told her and she shook her head. "That Sally is still sleeping the sleep of the dead."

"Are you her mother?" I asked.

"Heavens, no," she said. "Little Sally would die hearing you say that. I'm Miss



Sally stood at the table. "You were paid for everything," she shouted

Dolly, chief cook and bottle-washer. I do my job and get my money, but I've raised that girl like she was my own and that's something no money can buy . . ."

"Haven't the others come at all?" I asked. "Somebody should be here by now."

"Who knows?" she replied, lightly. "They're always planning something or other and most of it never happens. If it means Sally's got to get up early on a Saturday morning, it usually doesn't happen . . ."

I returned uncertainly to my bicycle. Suddenly, I heard Sally's voice from above. "What's all the racket down there at this crazy hour?" I looked up and saw her long, golden hair tumbling around her face as she leaned out the window.

Sally saw me and said: "Oh." Her gaze swept over the bicycle. "For goodness sake," she cried, "what's that contraption?"

"You mean my bicycle?" I asked.

"Is that what it is?"

Miss Dolly, hands on her hips, lifted her head. "Now, Miss Sally, you keep a civil tongue in your head . . ."

Sally squinted at her for a moment and then blew a lock of hair away from her cheek. "I'll be down in a moment," she said to me and withdrew her head from the window.

I was afraid to look at my bicycle or the house or even down to my feet, but Miss Dolly called to me: "You come in and have a mug of cocoa while you're waiting." I was grateful for the soft look in her face.

The kitchen, all pine and wrought iron, was like a picture in a magazine, but the adventure seemed to have fled from the morning. Miss Dolly kept up a constant chatter, talking about the weather and her rheumatism, and I barely followed the words until she said: "You're a new one, aren't you? I don't know where that Sally gets them all."

She probably saw the question in my eyes. "I mean," she said, "Sally's always gathering people around her. Like last year, this little girl who came from Sweden or Norway or some place. Why, she practically lived here for a while. And then . . ."

Sally made her entrance, a noisy yawn preceding her into the room. A blue silk dressing gown draped itself around her slender figure. Usually, she greeted me with a comradely, "*Bonjour*"—but that morning she sat down opposite me at the table and began pulling a comb through her hair.

"The hike is off," she announced, matter-of-factly. "We decided that it's crazy to ride a bicycle all the way up a mountain. The weather's going to be horrible today, anyway. Too hot."

"You should have let the poor girl know, Sally," Miss Dolly said, shaking her head. "You're a caution," she laughed, reproving her and forgiving her at the same moment.

"Oh, I forgot she was even coming," Sally replied, as if I were not in the kitchen but somewhere far away. And I wanted to be somewhere else.

Miss Dolly looked at me and returned her gaze to Sally. "Now, miss," she told her, "you apologize to this little lady. Sometimes, you're a little too high and mighty . . ."

Sally placed the comb carefully on the table and her hands shook visibly. She looked up at Miss Dolly, her eyes narrowing. "Mind your own business," she spat.

Embarrassment flooded the woman's face. "Now, don't you be talking like that to me in front of other people. Why, I diapered and practically brought you up . . ."

I felt as though I were in a theater, an invisible spectator sitting in the dark, watching a motion picture that threatened to turn into a nightmare.

Sally stood at the table and she wasn't pretty anymore. "You were paid for everything," she shouted at Miss Dolly.

• Love your enemies, for they tell you your faults.—*Irish Digest*

"You're nothing but a servant, an old maid who's good for nothing but playing a few tricks on . . ."

Frozen at the table, I wanted to look away. Sally turned toward me. "As for you, Miss French Hill," she said, "I'm getting tired of your sweet, little accent . . ." She pushed back her chair, picked up her comb, and left the kitchen, calmly, as though she had carefully rehearsed the entire scene.

I wanted to leave but my legs were rooted to the floor. Miss Dolly busied herself at the sink, her back turned to me. Finally, as I pushed back the chair, she came over to me and said: "Now, don't you feel bad, little girl. That's just the way Sally is, a little spoiled. But she's really a good girl . . ."

I stared at the woman. She was large and fat and looked nothing at all like my Aunt Olivine and yet something was familiar. I realized suddenly that her expression was the same as my aunt's when I had left her in the old chair in the kitchen that morning. The same wounded look in the eyes.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, and I knew that I must rush home. I ran to the door and fled wildly down the steps. As I pedaled away furiously on my bicycle,

I did not want to look back at the huge house behind me. I only wondered if I were too late, if my aunt had already been taken away.

The chain on the bicycle snapped and trailed along the street. I walked most of the way home, pushing the bicycle beside me, tears running down my cheeks. As I entered the yard, I saw that the garage doors were opened wide and my father's car was gone.

I burst into the house and my mother was alone, sitting in my aunt's old chair. Potatoes boiling in a pan on the stove filled the kitchen with a familiar, comfortable sound.

"*Maman*, is she gone?" I asked, lapsing into French. My mother nodded slowly and I noticed that her eyes were red.

"How could we be so cruel?" I cried, flinging myself on her lap.

She stroked my hair. "Cruel, Marie Therese? No, not cruel. It is sad, yes, the saddest thing of all, but there was no other way. She was not happy here anymore, she cannot be happy anywhere on this earth now."

"But did we have to send her away?"

"She is sick, too sick to stay with us," she replied, sighing. "If the doctor said that you were sick and had to go away to the hospital, we would do it, would we not? But not to be cruel. For your own good . . ."

"She was so good to me," I said, feeling my chin tremble.

"Yes, yes," my mother said. "You were a child and needed her gentleness. But, look at you, you are a child no longer. Today, you went with *la Norton* . . ."

A blush of shame burned my cheeks. I only wanted to close my eyes and remain there close to my mother. I looked up at her. "You have been crying, *maman*?"

"It was hard at the end," she said. "I held her in my arms like a little baby . . ."

Later, I lay on the bed in my room and thought of my aunt and Sally Norton and the red eyes of my mother. My eyes came to rest on my old doll and tea things on the bureau: the doll appeared sadly comic with its torn dress and most of the hair gone, and the blue-flowered cups and saucers were faded. I remembered what my mother had said, *you are a child no longer*.

I knew then that I had been the cruel one. I had betrayed someone who loved me for a childish dream, for the white, shining things of a world that did not really exist, for a girl with blonde hair who also had been cruel. At last, the tears came.

After a while, I went to the bureau and began to put away in the bottom drawer all the things of my childhood.

ON SEPTEMBER 23, 1954, newspapers throughout the free world carried this brief but eye-catching announcement: "The Vatican disclosed today that it will take part in the Brussels World Fair in 1958. Pope Pius XII has appointed a Belgian layman, Paul Heymans, as the Holy See's Commissioner General for the pavilion which will be built."

Interesting, said many Catholics; but just who was this fellow Heymans?

Ask this question of any Belgian (and quite a few other Europeans), and you're almost certain to get an answer. It won't be a simple one, however; you get the impression that there must be two or more men by the same name.

First there's the industrialist named Paul Heymans—founder and president of Belgium's biggest container company and director of a raft of other corporations. Then there's the financier—founder and director of several of the country's most important banks. There's the engineer as well, prominent in professional circles in Western Europe and honorary member of scientific societies in the U.S. and Britain. There is also Paul Heymans the former government minister, the former professor at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and at Ghent University in Belgium. And the list could be extended.

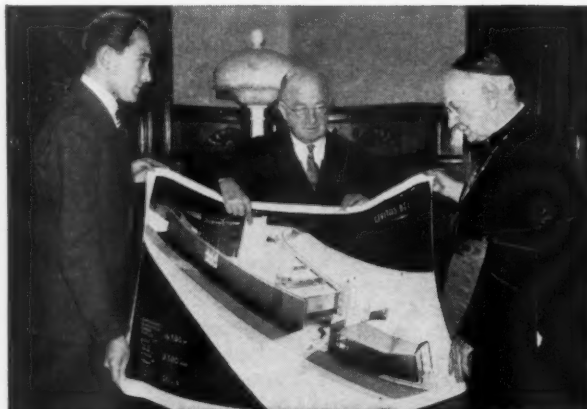
Despite the variety of these occupations, there is nonetheless only one Paul Heymans, a heavy-set, sixty-three-year-old man of medium height, with beetling eyebrows and a determined chin. Brisk but amiable of manner, he is blessed with immense energy and capacity for work. Besides the *tour de force* of fashioning simultaneous careers in industry, banking, engineering, and teaching, Heymans is no less notable for his long years of service as a Catholic layman and humanitarian.

During World War II, for instance, he headed the Belgian relief program that saved thousands of his people from starvation under the Nazi occupation. In later years, he has directed "Caritas Catholica," the relief agency which aids victims of earthquakes, floods, and famine all over the world (and carried out magnificent work in helping Hungarian refugees after the Budapest uprising in 1956).

Along with "Caritas Catholica," Heymans has an especially warm spot in his heart for one other of his many outside activities. This is the "Belgian League of Big Families," an organization whose purpose is to improve the economic lot of such families. Fully one-quarter of the strongly Catholic Belgian population belongs to it, and Heymans is well qualified, for reasons other than mere administrative skill, to be its president.

Paul Heymans, Commissioner General for Vatican Pavilion, shows versatility as scientist, industrialist, father of 10

by ROBERT RIGBY



Heymans displays plan for Vatican Pavilion at Brussels

THE MAN BEHIND

He himself is the father of no fewer than ten children—seven sons (one of them a seminarian) and three daughters, aged fourteen to twenty-seven.

When Heymans' appointment as Vatican Commissioner General became known in 1954, many Belgians thought he would be forced to jettison some of his lesser responsibilities and thus make room for the new post. The Vatican Pavilion was to be, in the words of the Pope, "the expression of worldwide Catholicism." This meant a great deal of traveling for the Commissioner General and endless consultations with national committees in other countries.

Heymans shouldered the new job with characteristic drive. He made one round-the-world trip (at his own expense), establishing contact with dozens of liaison groups. He made numerous hops around Europe for talks on the forthcoming pavilion. (Besides speaking Belgium's two official languages—French and Flemish, a variant of Dutch—he is perfectly fluent in English and German.) He presided over countless committee meetings of architects and planners. One thing he didn't do, however, was give up any of his other jobs. He didn't seem to have to.

"The man's phenomenal," says one

associate who knows Heymans well. "When you think he's operating at top speed, doing all a man possibly could, then he shifts into still higher gear."

This blazing pace leaves his associates limp but Heymans himself scarcely ruffled. At sixty-three, though he wears a hearing aid, he is in robust health—and means to stay so. Until several years ago, he was, like many Belgians, a heavy smoker—up to two packs of cigarettes and a dozen cigars a day. When his doctor told him one day that smoking was not so good for him, Heymans made one of his typical decisions (a daughter tells the story), put down the cigar he was puffing on and hasn't smoked since.

Though business and public service duties consume a great deal of his time, Heymans is a good shot and likes to work in a hunting trip whenever his schedule allows. Until recent years, too, he used to get up at six in the morning for a canter with his daughter Marie-Paule, one of Belgium's finest horsewomen. He still likes nothing better than to round up all seven of his sons and take in a soccer match together. And there are also frequent swimming parties with the entire family.

Big families are something of a tradi-

tion in the Heymans clan. Two of Paul's brothers have twelve children apiece ("but I outnumber them in sons—seven against five"). Periodically, the whole clan meets in the big house in Ghent where the older generation was brought up and which is still alive with memories of their parents.

It was there that Paul Adolphe Alphonse Heymans, the third of eight children, was born in 1895. His mother was German-born; his father, Dr. Jan-Frans Heymans, was an internationally famed medical researcher and, later, rector of Ghent University.

All the Heymans children were strongly marked by a moral code taught them by their parents. It was summed up by three main tenets: respect for the family, respect for work, and respect for oneself.

The father's example as physician and researcher was to lead two of his children into the same profession—with extraordinary results. The eldest son, Dr. Corneille Heymans, now head of the Ghent research laboratory founded by his father, was awarded the Nobel Prize for medicine in 1938. A daughter, Maria, became a Sister of Charity and

then went on to be one of the first women on the Continent to win a medical degree. Today she directs the School of Nursing at Belgium's famous Catholic University of Louvain.

Paul Heymans' own bent as a youth was also scientific. At nineteen, however, his promising academic career was interrupted by the outbreak of the First World War. As German troops drove deep into Belgium, Heymans, like many Belgian students, volunteered immediately and was sent off to the front.

In the see-saw trench fighting that ensued, there were often long lulls. Young Heymans saw a chance to carry on with his education. Since 90 per cent of Belgium was occupied, he enrolled in a French technical school and had books sent to him at the front. Every three months, when front-line soldiers got a ten-day leave, he would use his to go to Paris and take exams on what he'd been studying. In this way, without ever seeing a professor except at exam time, he managed to cram in two years of university work.

After the Armistice, Heymans, who had spent all four years at the front and been thrice decorated, went home

to Ghent. He was a young man in a hurry. Within a year he wrapped up a university degree with highest honors and took off for London University on a traveling fellowship in science.

His work in London earned him another fellowship, but this time he pointed toward the U.S. "There was one American university that had attracted me more than all the others," Heymans recalls today. "That was M.I.T., and I've been grateful ever since for what I learned there."

As it happened, he almost stayed in Cambridge for good. His doctorate thesis on photo-elasticity attracted considerable attention in scientific circles. M.I.T. offered the twenty-seven-year-old Belgian an assistant professorship; General Electric also hired him as a special consultant. Still another outfit was interested in his specialty: the Navy Department.

Those were the days when the hottest thing in aviation was the dirigible, not the rocket. One of the most famous was the Navy's "Shenandoah," the U.S.'s first semi-rigid airship. In 1925,

THE VATICAN PAVILION



Mr. Heymans is well qualified to be president of "Belgian League of Big Families." Here is whole Heymans family

one year after the 680-foot, helium-filled craft made the first transcontinental dirigible flight, a violent storm sent it plummeting into a farmer's field near Marietta, Ohio. The Navy immediately called in the nation's top experts for an on-the-spot investigation, and one of them, already an authority on metal strains, was M.I.T.'s young Belgian professor.

Life in America agreed with Heymans in all respects. He had an excellent teaching post, had won a lot of friends and wide professional notice (some of his original laboratory apparatus is still on display in Washington's National Academy of Science). Moreover, the



U. S. Pavilion head, Howard S. Cullman, chats with Mr. Heymans and Fair hostess

extra income earned as a consultant enabled him to travel back to Belgium on summer vacations.

It was on one of these trips that he met and soon after married Marie-Josephine Boucquoy, the pretty, dark-eyed friend of one of his sisters. In the summer of 1925, they crossed the Atlantic and were prepared to stay in America for good.

The Belgian government, however, had other plans for them. Since the Armistice, the country had launched an immense program for rebuilding hundreds of ruined cities and factories. Engineers were badly needed. Heymans was strongly pressed to come back and accept a post training young engineers at Ghent University.

Reluctantly (he had already applied for his U.S. citizenship papers), Heymans and his wife packed up and returned to Ghent. But once again teaching alone was not enough to absorb him completely. Within a matter of months, he was starting up a business of his own on the side.

It all began with a chance remark made by his father-in-law, a manufacturer of polishes. "I wish someone would tell me," he complained one day, "why we can't make metal containers

here in Belgium. I have to buy them in Holland and pay a sizable freight bill to get them here. Couldn't you do something about it, Paul?"

Paul could. In a short time he got financial backing for a new company to be called SOMBEMI (*Société Belge d'Emballages Métalliques Industriels*). It proved to be a lusty infant, growing rapidly into one of Europe's most important in the field.

The lightning success of the young professor-manufacturer didn't go unnoticed. When Belgium slumped into the world depression in the early 1930's, several years after the U.S., Heymans was called in to reorganize three of the nation's biggest banks. The merger he put through resulted in the Kredietbank, a power in Belgian economic life today.

Devoting his time to teaching, manufacturing, and banking, Heymans presumably had his hands full. But in 1938, the same year his brother won the Nobel Prize, he was tapped for another post, his biggest. As the shadow of Hitler's war machine lengthened over Europe, Belgium decided to form an emergency coalition government. The new premier, Paul-Henri Spaak (today Secretary-General of NATO), asked Heymans to take the combined portfolio of Minister of Economic Affairs and Agriculture. He refused, on grounds that he knew little about agriculture and scarcely more about economic affairs.

Late one evening, on coming back from a business trip abroad, Heymans received an urgent phone call at his home. "The King would like to see you at the palace tonight if possible."

Heymans drove out to the palace and heard what he was expecting: a royal plea to join the government cabinet. He gave his reasons for not wishing to accept, but Leopold waved them aside. After several hours of discussion, Heymans took his leave and drove back home—the new Minister of Economic Affairs. "I'd talked and smoked myself hoarse," he recalls today. "Besides, it's not easy to argue with a king."

The Spaak Cabinet fell before the outbreak of the war. But not long after the German panzer divisions smashed through the Franco-Belgian defenses, Heymans was again called on, this time to perform a particularly ticklish job.

Belgium is a small, densely populated nation (nine millions living in an area the size of Maryland) with a highly developed industrial economy. An exporter of manufactured goods, it has long depended on imports for nearly half of its food needs. After 1940, German occupation forces requisitioned the bulk of Belgium's industrial production. There was little left over to pay for

all the much-needed imports of food.

The country's regional governors turned to Paul Heymans to run a nation-wide relief program, "*Secours d'Hiver*" (Winter Help), which was placed under the protection of the International Red Cross. His task was to hunt down and buy food, medical and fuel supplies wherever they could be found in Europe. The Belgian government-in-exile in London made arrangements for payment through Swiss banks.

The job was not easy. The German army command granted permission for Heymans to make purchasing trips to Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and even as far off as Hungary. But the Gestapo viewed Heymans' traveling with a skeptical eye. Several times he was haled before the Nazi secret police and accused of acting as a courier for underground forces. By the end of the war, his luck was wearing thin and he was obliged to go into hiding to escape what would have probably proved to be a final arrest.

After the Liberation, Heymans resigned his chair at Ghent so as to devote more time to his business interests and his family. The older children were approaching college age, and, like their father before them, wanted to study in the U.S. Jacques, the eldest son, thus graduated from Dartmouth, then put in two years of military service as a U.S. paratrooper; another son, Hubert, studied for a while at his father's old alma mater, M.I.T.; and Henriette and Marie-Paule graduated from Mount Vernon Seminary in Washington.

With his children now all back from the States, Heymans hopes to see something more of them. Not right away, but at the end of the year—after the Brussels Fair has closed its gates. Until then, he will be kept hustling by the demands of being the Vatican Commissioner General.

Thirty-five million people are expected to visit the Fair during its six-month run, and the bulk of them are likely to take in the Vatican Pavilion. Moreover, it will be the focal point for a heavy schedule of Catholic congresses and special conferences. For the smooth running of all of these, Commissioner General Heymans is responsible.

The Vatican Pavilion is widely rated as one of the standouts of the Fair, both for its striking architectural plan and its displays, which give an eloquent picture of the Church's spiritual force throughout the world. Catholics everywhere owe a debt of gratitude to the international staff of priests and laymen who have watched over the thousand and one details of its building during these past three years. Not least of these has been Belgium's tireless servant of the Church, Paul Heymans.

The Cross and peace of soul

by **BERTRAND
WEAVER, C. P.**



The Cross of Jesus Christ is the divinely ordained instrument for restoring and preserving peace and harmony between God and man

STRANGE AS IT MAY appear, everybody on earth is seeking peace. What we mean is that we human beings are ever seeking rest for our restless minds and hearts. Evidence for this is found in the various pursuits of mankind. The athlete, the actor, the scientist, the artist, the politician are seeking in their different professions rest for their ambitions.

Even the sinner is seeking peace, although the peace which he seeks in sin is a mirage conjured up by Satan. The avaricious seek to rest in their hoarded worldly goods, but their uncontrolled passion drives them to reach out greedily toward further possessions. The ambitious think to find rest in fame, although one writer who achieved it said that "to have it is a purgatory, to want it is a hell." The sensual always hope to rest in their inordinate or illicit gratifications, but passion, like an untamed beast, drives them from excess to excess and makes peace impossible for them.

St. Augustine says that peace is the "tranquillity of order." That peace is

indeed the tranquillity of order is seen vividly when we look into the minds and hearts of those who violently disturb the order of human lives. The thief, the adulterer, the murderer, the liar, the hate monger, and the gossip spread disorder in society because there is disorder in their hearts. The men who threaten mankind with the horrible disorder of war are men whose souls reflect the disorder of hell itself.

When we say that peace is the tranquillity of order, we must keep in mind that order comes from God. The order which God put in the universe was shattered by sin. God willed to restore peace and order through the Cross. As St. Paul expresses it, "It has pleased the Father that through Him (Christ) He should reconcile to Himself all things, *making peace through the blood of His Cross.*" Moreover, those who have been received back to the embrace of the God of peace must strive all their lives to eliminate possible sources of disorder from their minds and hearts.

One source of disorder between God

and man is rebellion against His will when His will takes the form of a cross. Unless we accept His will as manifested through the events of life, sorrowful as well as joyful, we cannot be at harmony with God. Our Divine Master left no doubt about this when He said: "If anyone wishes to come after Me, let him deny himself—and take up his cross and follow Me."

One of our joys in heaven will consist in understanding the perfect harmony between the divine and human natures in Christ, our Lord and our Brother. We will see then that the human will of Jesus was so completely in harmony with the Divine will that this harmony finally raised His human nature to the very throne of God. This harmony of the divine and human wills in Christ reached perfection through the Cross. All this is brought out by St. Paul when he observes that "Jesus, who for the joy set before Him endured a Cross, despising shame, and sits at the right hand of the throne of God."

Our Saviour's human will was attuned perfectly to the will of His Father

during the ordeal of His crucifixion because on the Cross He continued in the perfect resignation to the will of His Father which He had demonstrated by His prayer in Gethsemani: "... yet not My will, but Thine be done." Thus the God-Man used the Cross not only as the instrument for restoring peace and harmony between God and man but also as the pulpit from which He taught how that peace is to be preserved once it is achieved.

Christ is saying from the Cross: I have already taught you that, if you are to be pleasing to My Father, you must practice justice, and purity, and truthfulness, and kindness. I have shown you that these are the first steps toward union with God. Now, on the Cross, I am exemplifying that perfect union is possible only if you accept His will as manifested in the hard and difficult trials of earthly life. I am showing you what I meant when I said that if you wished to follow Me in attaining complete harmony with God, you must embrace the Cross.

At the Last Supper, Our Lord prayed "that they may be one, even as we are . . . that all may be one, even as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us . . ." This is the sublime prayer of the Divine Redeemer for perfect unity between God and man, a unity which is perfected through man's acceptance of the trials that are intended to purify and ripen him. John Donne expressed a great deal in a few words when he wrote: "No man hath affliction enough that is not matured and ripened by it, and made fit for God by that affliction."

Every human life may be compared to a tapestry that God Himself is weaving for the adornment of His eternal mansions. A tapestry would have no beauty or harmony if there were no shades to heighten the bright parts of the design. The shades are the trials of earthly life. If trials cease, we should wonder whether, through our lack of resignation, we have not stayed God's hand in completing His design in our soul.

Nothing could be clearer from Holy Scripture than that man's will is brought into harmony with God's will through earthly trials. The Archangel Raphael said to Tobias: "And because you were acceptable to God, it was necessary that temptation should prove you." Again, God said to the Bishop of Laodices: "As for Me, those whom I love I rebuke and chastise."

Human nature instinctively recoils from suffering. And yet, the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles show the Apostles actually exulting in opportunities to participate in the Passion and Cross of Christ. They did so be-

cause they realized that, through their crosses, they were being perfected for union with their Crucified Lord. And this, they well knew, meant union with God.

The Acts tell us that after the Apostles had been scourged by the Jewish Sanhedrin, they departed "rejoicing that they had been counted worthy to suffer disgrace for the name of Jesus." Notice how the Epistles echo and re-echo the "rejoice and exult" attitude which Our Lord tells His followers to have "when men reproach you, and persecute you, and, speaking falsely, say all manner of evil against you."

We find St. Peter writing to the first members of the Church: "Beloved, do not be startled at the trial by fire that is taking place among you to prove you, as if something strange were happening to you; but in so far as you are partakers of the sufferings of Christ, rejoice that you may also rejoice with exultation in the revelation of His glory." St. Paul reminds the Romans that "we exult in tribulations." St. James opens his Epistle on the same note: "Esteem it all joy, my brethren, when you fall into various trials."

• Character building is done by
piecework.—E. D. Austin

The Church carries this spirit of exultation in our participation in the Passion into her liturgy. On the feast of St. Andrew, who was crucified, the Church has the Apostle exclaiming: "Hail, precious cross; receive the disciple of Him who hung upon thee, even Christ, my Master." The same theme is found in other parts of the liturgy. On the feast of St. Marcellus, the Collect of the Mass and Prayer reads: "Mercifully hear, we beseech thee, O Lord, the prayer of Thy people, that we who rejoice in the martyrdom of the blessed Marcellus, Thy martyr and bishop, may be aided by his merits . . ." And in the Introit of the Mass of St. Agatha, the Church has us exclaim: "Let us all rejoice in the Lord, celebrating a festival in honor of the blessed Agatha, at whose passion the angels rejoice and give praise to the Son of God."

Such unanimity in finding joy in crosses indicates one source of doctrine. These men and women, of various backgrounds and temperaments, learned the one and only philosophy taught by their Divine Master from the Cross. We see here the flowering of the one Faith, the working of the one Spirit, who continues to unfold in the Church the wisdom of the Cross.

The key to this Christian paradox of finding joy and peace through suffering is given in that phrase in the Acts: "rejoicing that they had been counted worthy to suffer." Counted worthy to suffer! This is one of the greatest of Christian mysteries, which can be understood only by those who have pondered and lived it.

Father Dominic Barberi, the Passionist who received Cardinal Newman into the Church, explained the paradox to a correspondent when he wrote: "You ask my blessing, and I ask God to bless you. But, Madam, the most generous blessings of God are crosses, and patience to bear them. The souls most acceptable to His Majesty have always been laden with crosses."

That God's most generous blessings are crosses was discovered by the wife of Leon Bloy. She expresses this in a striking passage: "One day, reminding Jesus of our extreme poverty, I said to Him, 'Open Thy Hand, O Lord, and give us what it contains!' Jesus opened His Hand, and I saw that it was pierced." St. Paul of the Cross had the same idea in mind when he wrote to a sick woman: "His Divine Majesty wishes to make you a portrait of Jesus Crucified." John Donne expressed it in another way:

"When that cross ungrudged unto
you sticks,
Then you are to yourself a
crucifixe."

Cardinal Newman reminds us that "in the Cross we shall first find sorrow, but in a while peace and comfort will rise out of that sorrow." "All this sorrow," he says, "will only issue, nay, will be undergone in happiness greater than the enjoyment which the world gives." He is echoing the words of Our Saviour: "... you shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned to joy . . . you therefore have sorrow now; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no one shall take from you."

When winter comes, we endure it more easily because spring will follow, and the cold, frost, and snow of winter will be no more. So, with our crosses. We suffer them because we know that they will be followed both in time and in eternity by the peace of Christ. We do not love crosses for their own sake. We accept them in the spirit of Him who "for the joy set before Him, endured a Cross." His Cross shows us that suffering is the path to peace. The theme of the *Divine Comedy* is: "in His will is our peace." This can be understood only if we understand that in His Cross is our peace.

WOMAN to WOMAN

by KATHERINE BURTON

Graduation Thoughts

AFTER THIS VERY HARSH WINTER of our discontent—and the spring of the same—it is certainly a joy to know that June is in sight. Brides as well as flowers are a specialty of the month, but of course they come in other months too. June is, in many minds, still the month of commencements. Perhaps this occasion does not have today the importance it connoted when I was among the graduates, but I imagine it is still a highlight in young lives.

When I was one of the commencement crowd, a considerable number of years ago, the atmosphere of things was different; it was both more childlike and more mature. It seems to me we had a general outlook on the future instead of the specialized one of today. But that is true of all education. Today the young know so much more—and so much less.

There was no sudden scream from parts of the country, in those days, that we were not developing scientists. We must have had some even then, or we would not today be leading the world in things like automobiles and electrical products. Edison and Ford were natives and also the product of our schools. It might be well to bear that in mind. High-school apologists today explain at length—such length!—that scientific study is very expensive and that is why some schools give it up. Well, at high school in my day we were required to take a half year of chemistry, same of physics, same of botany. We had a good intensive year of American history—rather interesting stuff in spots too. I read a sad letter recently from a father whose high-school son had never heard of a Minute Man. Now *there* is a project for one of those things modern educators have dreamed up: instead of a half year on aspects of Peru or the architecture of igloos and their uses, why not the Minute Man of Concord, who made a lot of history for us all?

When I graduated from high school, we held the Commencement exercise in the local Methodist Church. The church had recently been equipped with an electric light system. Electric illumination was still rather a novelty and there were many townspeople who were still dubious about the practicality of the newfangled lights. At the Commencement, Fred Monahan was the orator for the occasion. He chose as his subject, "The Wonders of Electricity." Somewhere in the middle of his talk, the tricky new invention died out and there we sat in total darkness. But, unseen though easily heard, Fred went on with his speech on the marvels of electricity. And, of course, the future has proved he was right: the marvels of electricity had come to stay. Sometimes, when I see some extra fine addition to this power which another American tapped from the sky a long while ago, I think of the dauntless voice of Fred talking through the dark about the light.

We Used Well What We Had

WHEN I READ about the inability of schools to teach science because of the cost, I think of our own resourceful professor. We had little equipment, so he used what we had. One winter day we filled glass jars with water and left them on the window sill for the night; in the morning they

were broken, and so we learned of the expansion of frozen water. He found a piano stool with glass balls at the end of the supports and when he spoke enthusiastically of electricity, we learned right then that glass is a nonconductor. What I am trying to say is that America grew to what it is by utilizing what it had and not by weeping over what it did not have.

The System is Wrong

LISTEN TO THE PLAINT of a teacher who loves to teach. Last year he asked his new class about their work of the previous year, and it turned out to be chiefly pageants and projects. He spoke to the principal about this and was told the idea was "to have the children grow without pressure from above or below." This ties up with a history text reported by the *New York Times*, one given to thousands of college freshmen in various parts of the country. The answers showed that one-third did not know Wilson was president during World War I and an equal percentage did not know who was president during the Civil War, while 6 per cent could not name the thirteen original colonies. How can you expect patriotism—the right kind—from children who do not know these simple facts about their country?

Dignity suffers too in modern education, and again it is the fault of their elders, not of the children. On a page of advice to parents by a child expert, his suggestion was to let a child read aloud to his parents—"use some of the good comic book versions of exciting novels like *Treasure Island*." For the love of Pallas Athena, why not have the real version? And that leads me to wonder how many juniors know who Athena was. We did in my school, for one of our English courses gave several months to the study of classic mythology.

Religion gets pushed away too by some eager beavers. In one New Jersey school it is now illegal to say the following grace before school lunches:

"God is great. God is good.
Let us thank Him for this food."

The attorney general has ruled that the children can "observe a moment of silence so long as there is no understanding that this is meant to be a grace." How silly can you get? And who is behind this atheistic propaganda?

Like many others, my town is troubled about its young people. I have in my files various booklets, codes of manners, hours when young people should be at home, insistence that parents be at home when young people are there. Various communities are making a determined effort also at one lesser but important thing—"that young people should treat adults with respect and should in turn be treated in like manner. This applies to all areas of our village—on the streets, in the stores, in the theaters."

With this advice—authority speaking plainly—maybe we can also eliminate what the head of one private school calls the "felt-need" type of education, the kind where the student learns only what he wants. Maybe after a while the sensible educators and the commonsense parents will bring it about that children will again understand manners and morals, and also history, reading, and arithmetic.

LILY

by Ann West



*Once, there was no one like her. Now,
maybe it was time to take care of myself.*

I sit in the hotel lobby and it can be a million places—Altoona, Tulsa, Little Rock, Wichita; the sights and sounds are the same at 9:00 on an August morning. Midland, the stationery this time reads, and I ask myself, "Okay, what makes it tolerable then?" But before I finish asking, even, I know. Lily.

Lily Parnell.

I see her name on Fair signs plastered through the lobby, her picture on stick stands by the desk; I feel her note, a thread of flame, in my wallet. "Boake—I want to rehearse this morning."

I'd come up from the bar at one; it had to be after that when she'd stuck it under my door. Which meant she hadn't slept—again.

So tonight she'd miss another of the cues, there'd be even less bows than last night. And no rehearsal this morning was going to change any of it.

I walked over to the door marked Beauty Shoppe. "Miss Parnell," I said to the girl, "will have her hair done at one today instead of eleven." Lily wouldn't have thought to let

her know and then would have exploded gloriously if the girl were busy.

But the hair!

There had been a night in Terre Haute when she couldn't get it done. And it was butter-soft and blown—*mortal*. My throat had thickened with sweet possibility when she'd cried out her frustration, hard, against my shoulder.

I tamped out my cigarette, fingered the two telegrams in my pocket. Eighteen hours old now; they couldn't stay secret forever.

Last midnight, in the bar, I'd spread them out, side by side, rubbing each thin with my thumb. But no genie had appeared. No nice pat answer.

There was a little stir at the elevators. Some women, just getting off the left one, had got wind of who was on the right one. I stood and waited for the door to open.

She wore white wool slacks—sixty bucks a leg—from Frisini; a white leather shoulder bag, buckled with clean gold, like her hair; a shirt that made white poetry when she moved. As she did now, toward me.

She stood alone at the mike.
Three times they called her back



Okay, fellow, she's just a babe who can sing some, and there's nothing you don't know about her . . .

"Hello, gorgeous," I grinned.

She had hold of my arm, gripping it. "The timing's all wrong," she began. "I've been thinking—we muf a lot of responses, and—"

"Breakfast, huh?" I said, nodding toward the coffee shop.

"The 'Believe And Behave' number especially," she said. "If you'd give me a couple of extra measures—"

"Bacon, eggs, coffee, tomato juice—ah, tomato juice!" I nudged her through the door.

She let me order, and then she was drawing her fingernail along the tablecloth, showing me. "The man misses with his spot too. Am—am I supposed to wear radar, maybe, for him to find me?"

"Not you, Lily," I said softly. And she looked at me. The half-child look that comes sometimes. That says, "Who are you to me, Boake?"

Then, quickly, her eyes spun away, out to the sidewalk. "It's going to be stinking hot again today," she said.

"It's August."

"I've seen Augusts—" She caught herself.

Sure—in Berne, Biarritz, Banff. But all the time the prairies were here, and the Fairs. You were on top then; you didn't need them.

A woman was at her elbow. "Miss Parnell, would you please—"

I handed Lily a pencil and watched it spread—that scrawl she had practiced until only the "L" was readable. "I can't say," she breathed, when the woman had faded, "that I exactly get writer's cramp these days."

"Well, the kids—"

"That's another thing," she pounced. "What does that—that Rivers person do to get all the kids sewed up? Like last night—"

He's young, I wanted to tell her. Fresh. "Oh, well, kids!" I said.

"He's gourd-green yet in the theater. Some day he'll wake up."

Johnny Rivers! Twenty-three, and grossing two hundred grand a year already—TV, records, radio—

"Anything from Ed?"

I fingered one of the telegrams and lied, shaking my head.

"There's a heat wave in New York too, remember?"

"Well, next week—"

Next week was the big Rigdon State Fair and she had top billing. No playing second fiddle to some young upstart. I didn't know how Ed had managed it, but just thinking about it had held the summer together for her. It was going to be the springboard back, away from Fairs at all. The solid rung,

part way down, where you got new footing. "Then," she'd say, "once I'm in New York again—"

You'd have to swing from a trapeze at the United Nations to get your name in the papers. Ed knew. I knew. Lily Parnell—as Lily Parnell—was a used commodity.

But as a woman—plain woman—?

"Eat your eggs," I said. "We've got a cab waiting."

You know how a fairgrounds looks on a fair-week morning. Matted grass, and paper stabbers working at the refuse. Stretches of ugly canvas. The rides, like giant bugs, sprayed dead.

They dropped a three-sided canvas around the stage whenever there was a morning rehearsal. So you were canned in, facing a mountain of eight thousand empty seats. A square of molten sky above. I heaved at the piano, pushing it off-center; she unbuttoned the throat of her shirt.

"Now look, Boake—"

I looked and listened, and my fingers cried against the keys, but none of it was any use. The act wasn't going to get any better.

At twenty-four, a face, a figure, and a passable voice—backed by star build-up—can go places. Lily had been. Now, at twenty-four plus quite a few, the face was tired. The figure too, although it didn't show it yet; you don't affect white wool slacks on a figure that does. And the build-up?—after all, Ed had a lot of fresh talent coming along to give his attention to. Talent with future.

How far he'd let his attention wander was evidenced by his giving Lily the nod on this act—this act she'd insisted on herself.

"It won't go, Ed," I'd said, back in New York. I was only her accompanist, but I'd found nerve for that.

He'd looked at me. "Would anything?" And, slowly, I'd shaken my head.

She pushed back a feather of gold hair, swiped at the perspiration. Okay, I thought, so you're hot. You could wear shorts and a skirt, ditch the skirt when we got here. But no—you've got to be different.

Like the white and gold, always. Summer, winter. A trademark.

Try traveling the Fair circuits with nothing but white!

She frowned. "Maybe if we cut spaces and I moved faster—"

You could spin fast like a top; it would make no difference. "You'd get out of breath," I said. *And besides, I wanted to say, it's not for you—this animation.* You're the slow, the low-toned one. It makes no sense—this frenzy to be vivacious, to have your voice piped,

loud, on the night air. To make bad jokes—you, Lily!—with the audience.

"This stage—it's too big," she was saying now. "It dwarfs me."

Yet there was a fellow, voice clear as a night whistle, who could fill it, solo.

"Maybe," she was saying, "if we marked little circles"—her lipstick curved an arc on the wooden floor—"of my positions—"

She had thrown the lipstick, contaminated now, into the wall of seats, the extravagance of the gesture lost to her—as all extravagances were. She was waiting to see what I thought.

"Hey!"

He rose from the seats—a fellow in sweat shirt and slacks—and ambled down toward the stage. Black, black hair, eyes sweet-bright with youth. "You could have hit a fellow," he said. And handed her the lipstick. "In fact, you almost did."

Most of the Johnny Rivers breed I'd known wouldn't bother to get up till noon of a day. I looked at the kid.

"Came out to see the elephants fed," he said, a bit sheepishly. "—and an artist work." He grinned. And there was nothing in the grin but youthful exuberance and a wanting to be friendly. I motioned to a chair.

But Lily was stone silent. "Guess not," he said slowly. Then, "Buy you a drink this afternoon, Mr. Jansco?"

"What? . . . Sure," I said.

"When?" His eyes held mine, earnestly.

"One o'clock? Hotel?" Lily would be getting the hair done then.

"—they could be just small, inconspicuous markings," she went on saying to me. As if he had never been around.

The bar was dark, latticed against the noonday sun. He pulled at a limeade, and there was something on his mind.

"What is it, kid?"

He looked at me. "I feel awful presumptuous. But maybe I won't see you again, after this week—and this is my only chance—"

"Yeah?" *So what could I do for Johnny Rivers, the great young one, everything at his feet already?*

"Lily." He turned the name slowly. "Lily Parnell. My dad used to catch everything she did. Said there wasn't another like her."

"Smart fellow, your dad."

"She doesn't like me."

I pushed at my glass with the stirrer. "You'll feel the same way, no doubt—about some young sprout—when you're thirty-seven."

"Thirty-seven! Holy gee!—"

I bit my tongue; Lily would carve me in little pieces. Rightfully, too. But it was a figure I'd given a lot of thought to lately—

"What I was thinking is"—the boy's fingers wiped sweat from the glass—"she won't be—needing you—forever. I've caught a lot of listens this week. And for my money," his voice caught fire, "you're the best arranger of the blacks and whites I've come across. What's more, you've got my tempo; it's all there, unleashed, holding back, for her. I—I'd like to have you, any time she's through."

I could have belted him one, and ruffled his hair, all at the same time. "Hey!" I said tightly, "that's some talk."

"I mean it."

You do, too, I knew. And he was going up, up—like a pair of flying coat tails, there to grasp.

My hand went to my pocket, and the telegrams burned hot inside it.

I took one of them out and spread its wrinkles in front of him. "Catch this," I said. The telegram I'd meant to show to nobody.

Because who, except Boake Jansco, was going to get excited over a chance to teach music in some ivied-brick college in Ohio? A chance held out by an old professor who'd always thought I was wasting my real talents. "You've got the understanding, the patience," he used to say, "and the kind of soul that needs a harbor every night."

It was a funny thing. Between jobs, through the years, I'd kept going back there for courses. Until, half-embarrassed, I'd found myself a Broadway thumper with a couple of silly degrees. Which didn't hurt anybody, if you'd kept still about them.

It was hard to say how the words on the yellow paper looked to the boy. He'd got too famous too soon for things like school, and maybe that was why he swallowed a couple of times. "You'd like it, I bet. Yeah—I bet you sort of would."

Well—when a fellow senses, at least you don't have to answer.

"Only—what would Lily Parnell do in a place like that?"

"Lily?" I said. And it came out sharp and scratchy.

"Well, for gosh sakes—yes! Everybody along the Main Stem," the boy said, "knows the kind of light you burn for Lily. You and Ed Thomson and Lily."

Ed!

I folded the telegram, put it back inside my pocket. *Beside the other one.* "I know of several good arrangers," I said stiffly. "If you'd like me to put them in touch—"

"Okay. My mouth gets too brash for its own good. I'm sorry. Believe me, I am." It was all over him, real and solid.

"I believe you," I said. "And thanks for the drink."

AFFLICTED BOY

Few are the words that one can understand
Spoken by this afflicted boy;
Yet to him come from some mysterious land
Laughter, amusement, a mysterious joy.

Keen memory is his; affectionate and sweet
His nature; and entranced he shows
Himself by music; yet is incomplete
In reason and in judgment (we suppose).

If so, a Providence will compensate
Such lack, incapable of sin.
For him will be unguarded heaven's gate;
Unchallenged, perfect, he will pass within.

No cares he ever knew, though his a cross
In cheerful patience borne from birth.
The aeons shall reward his present loss,
His innocence while on our sinful earth.

THEODORE MAYNARD

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS

I-II

Come, Spirit, shine on us. Be radiant.
Come, Father of the poor, benefactor, heart light.

III-IV

A sweet guest comforts and refreshes:
If we work together, the noon sun will be cool.

V-VI

Every faithful heart looks for some intimacy
To fill up the hollow nothing of the soul.

VII-VIII

Wash, irrigate; do deeds of mental healing.
Bend, warm the arthritic joints of sin.

IX-X

Give holy gifts. If we are faithful,
Give honest life, fair end, perennial joy.

THEODORE SAGER METH

The street outside was hot flannel against my face; signs on the buildings melted and ran together. *Lily and Ed!*

His wire was like a jagged nerve inside my pocket. RIGDON FAIR CONTRACT CANCELLED. BREAK NEWS TO LILY GENTLY. Why, the big baboon! Sitting in an overstuffed office, forseeing all of this. His love locked tight, all these years, waiting for her to need him. To come, crawling—

Like—like I'd been waiting?

Never big time myself. But hanging on the fringes, to keep Lily conscious of me. Just to breathe the same air, get one of those rare looks I always

interpreted to read: *it's not bad at all, Boake, knowing you're around.*

Like an old pair of bedroom slippers—I thought now—come night!

And all the time there was Ed—heart like hardtack, I'd figured—waiting too. Ed with his foreign car and his fallen arches and his apartment, white and gold, like some Sunset Strip setting. *White and gold!* Where had my mind been! Sure it added up. How unsubtle could a fellow get in his waiting?

I crossed to Western Union, and did what I knew I had to do. Was there ever going to be a surprised old man in Ohio!

Back at the hotel, throwing my stuff together, it occurred to me that I might never pack another bag. Weren't there people who sat solid, in one spot, for forty years, ivy growing all around 'em?

She would be sleeping now, or trying to. A thin wall between us yet—but now there would be miles, years. There would be forever. *Lily*, the dresser drawers screamed, the suitcases snapped. *Lily—come with me . . .*

I handed the desk clerk the big, brown envelope. Her arrangements. For Lou Gathers, the Fair's band leader. "Room 207," I said. "If he doesn't come down by 5:00, you'd better take them up."

Did you ever walk out of your last hotel lobby, leaving a part of yourself behind?

The train must have twisted around every county fairgrounds on the route. At all of them I saw her, jeered by an angry audience. And Ed's face—big-cheeked, pompous, but backed by a pocketbook that could buy her a mint—hanging over the thinning seats, waiting.

I'm doing you a favor, baby. Always, now, it's me you can blame. Not yourself. Not Ed. Not Johnny Rivers. Me. You were falling slow, and me—I snipped the parachute. My thoughts were crazy jags.

It was 11:30 when we shuddered into the little town. Peace, dim-lit, around the station. And Professor Dundley, waiting on the grass-choked bricks. "You didn't have to come tonight," he chided gently.

And it was plain what I was to him: a crazy, impetuous. Tin Pan Alley musician, lost with an idle hour. And all else he saw in me was underneath, waiting his careful exploration. *You're wrong, Pop, I thought. I'm ready now, tonight. The long, the good, life is beginning.*

"Still, maybe it's better"—he was trotting beside me—"because there will be more time to look for your house." His head tilted. "You know, I never once stopped to think that you might have need for a house."

"A house," I said. Flat. Like that.

"Now there's one on Beeker Street. Fireplace that draws nicely. And two bedrooms. But no bay window—with little panes of glass."

"Bay window," I said. "With little panes of glass."

"No," he said, "there isn't." Then, quickly, "But I see her point. A bay window you need—for your piano. And little panes of glass—romantic, yes?"

My feet stuck to the walk. "Did I understand you," I asked chalkily, "to use a certain pronoun—her?"

"Well, naturally." His eyes crinkled, and he pulled a yellow paper from his pocket. We held it under the street

light. A telegram to him—Professor Dundley.

NEED SMALL COTTAGE AT LEAST. PREFERABLY WITH BAY WINDOW LITTLE PANES OF GLASS. ARRIVE TOMORROW TO HELP LOOK.

Signed: MRS. JANSKO-TO-BE

Now this, I thought, is Western Union gone looney with the heat. But there was the place of origin: Midland. And the time: 10:11 P.M.

That was it, then. The show was over and Lily had fallen, hard: she was running fast to me because she didn't know where else to run. Ed hadn't told her yet about himself. Ed with all the white and gold—

Well, I could run too. A note in the night to the little old man and tomorrow I could be a continent away. Where she couldn't reach me, come to a dead end with some guy like a brother to her—

The landlady where the professor had his two back rooms said, "There's long distance waitin' for your friend. Waitin', mind you—payin' all this time."

Did she still think she could afford—"Jansko?" . . . A voice coming at you,

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• If it's such a small world, why does it take so much of our money to run it?—Ken Shirely  
~~~~~

everywhere, from the juke boxes . . . "Boake Jansko?"

"Yeah, Johnny," I said. Tired as old shoes now.

"You should have seen her!"

It was a half-whisper, wrapped in awe. "She wouldn't use any accompaniment—any at all. She stood all alone at the mike, like alabaster, and didn't move a muscle. Just held on and sang, soft, close, like every word was a deep unwinding. The old songs. And all that grandstand—it was like they sat on velvet. A hush you could cut with a swallow. And she knew it, and the tears rolled down, shiny, like the sequins in her hair. Three times they called her back, and twice she sang that oldie, 'Missing You'—They knew I was around when I came on, but barely—And the heck of it was—" The boy stopped, "Hey—are you there, Jansko?" he belted.

"I'm here."

"The heck of it was—she wouldn't go on at all until I told her where you probably were and about that professor's telegram. I—"

"Your mouth," I said, "is bigger than the record sales, even, give you credit for."

"I am feeling kind of smug," he said,

and you could hear the grin. "She kissed me, and the place still burns."

I stood, dangling the receiver, forgetting it was the kind you had to put back up beside the box. As soon as I did that, it rang again.

"Mr. Boake Jansko? . . . New York calling."

A fellow, I thought, should get to hang his hat up first.

"Boake?"—that voice didn't need wires—"The operator insists you're somewhere in Ohio—"

"Yeah?"

"Crazy fool girl . . . Listen, Boake. I got the word from Midland. Seems we made a bad guess about Lily. There's blood in the turnip yet. If you know what I mean. Now I'm setting up that Rigdon deal again. A performance like tonight and she could gross \$4,000 a week some spots. I got a few people I can shove around to make places for her—"

"For her?" I said. "Or for the \$4,000?"

The phone jiggled. "What, Boake . . . what's that?"

"Four thousand," I said. "Every week. There's a nice percentage—"

"That's what I mean," he said. "We're smart to stick close—"

They were hard, chipped words—but like diamonds to my ears. So the kid Johnny wasn't all-smart; not every story along the Main Stem was true. This was Ed, sure—but like I had him figured from the first. Unfeeling. A guy you owed nothing to—

"Now, Boake"—his words drove on—"I've talked to her, and she's being a bit difficult. Says she doesn't care if she had to go on stage just one more night for the gold at the end of the rainbow. Says it's probably okay anyhow, and that she's tired, and *in love*—Lily said *that*! She's full of crazy talk, ivy, bay windows—makes no sense at all. Now, I want you to—"

"Sure," I said. "I'll talk to her."

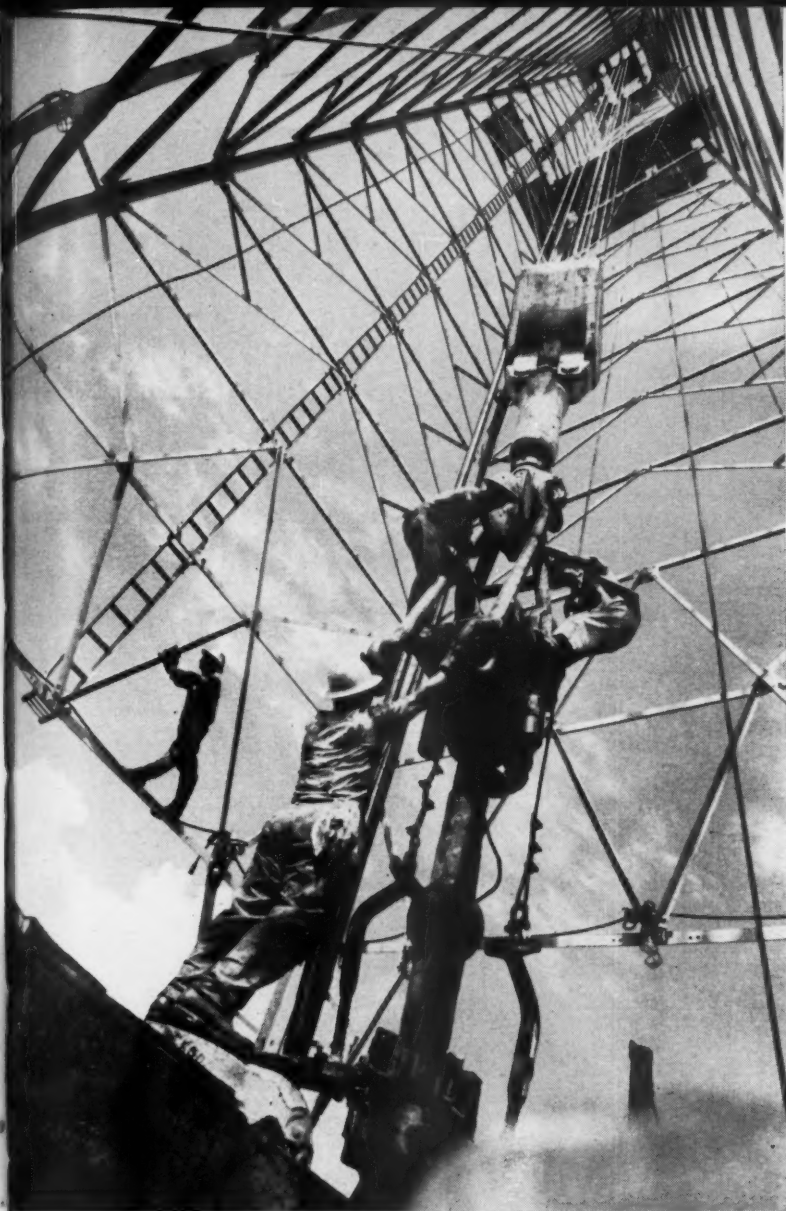
"Call me back as soon as you get everything settled."

"Yeah," I said. "Sure."

In about a week, I thought. We'll be settled, snug, inside a week. I took off my hat, gave the telephone handle a whirl. "This one," I said—and I looked once to the landlady, once to the professor—"I'd kind of like to be on the private side." You never saw a quicker, friendlier shutting of two doors.

"Miss Lily Parnell," I told the operator. "Midland Hotel, Midland, Illinois—"

Sure, at nine on an August morning, hotels can seem all alike. But this one—I could see every faded rose in the carpet running past her room—at twelve on an August night, was going to be—forever—memory-bright.



Antonia Lista's drilling crew work on a Creole well on Lake Maracaibo



Lista, left, checks construction plans with Creole engineer

A Sign Picture Story

Photographs by Jack Manning

VENEZUELAN OIL WORKER

**As foreman of an oil crew,
Antonia Lista belongs to a
workers' elite in an
impoverished country**

It would be understating the economic status of the average Venezuelan worker to call it miserable. The outstanding exception, however, are the workers in Venezuela's booming oil industry who make up an elite group among the country's working class. Like drilling crew foreman Antonia Lista of Maracaibo, the oil workers are better paid, better educated, and enjoy more hope for economic improvement than almost any other group of workers. Lista started working for the Creole Company (a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey) after finishing sixth grade. Over the years he has worked his way up from an apprentice solderer to foreman of a drilling crew with twenty men under him. Lista is not making a lot of money, but he is earning enough to keep his family in decency, and he does have hope for a better tomorrow.

Lista picks up his paycheck at dockside office where he and his crew come before dawn to take launch out on lake





With his wife and two children, Lista poses proudly before the neat little ranch house he built himself with help of friends

The Listas chat amiably with parish priests at Parroquia Juan Bautista where the family attends Mass



Mrs. Lista takes the children shopping. Local foods are cheap; goods from U.S. expensive

Recreation for the Listas is a communal affair, which means it must include all sorts of relatives and friends. Here, Lista cooks Sancocho, a soup made of fish and meat, at an outing to the beach





Better off than the average Venezuelan, the Listas eat simply but well, thanks to careful budgeting

At the beach, there is time for a game of bolas, which bears a strong resemblance to Italian bocce



VENEZUELA *continued*

Family life at the Listas is warm, affectionate, and closely knit. It's happy, too

Family life at the Listas is very closely knit in a good, old-fashioned way. There is no doubt who is boss at the Listas: Antonia's whim is his wife's command. Nevertheless, Antonia wears his crown with dignity and charm. Everything goes so harmoniously that there is no need at all for him to play the patriarch. The children are exceptionally well behaved; even at play, they act more like pint-sized adults than wild Indians. Papa Lista is no slouch, either, when it comes to helping with man-sized jobs around the house. As a matter of fact, he built the house himself. Ordinary housework would be considered beneath his dignity, but do-it-yourself repairs are strictly his domain. The family takes both its religion and its recreation as communal matter. Whether going to church or to the beach, a few nephews, nieces, in-laws, aunts, and uncles will always tag along. In Venezuela, it is the family that matters most in every area of life.



Despair and the Secular Saint

by KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.

Bravery, integrity, honesty are terms of high praise. For many moderns they are the only absolutes, the virtues which make for a kind of secular sanctity.

Because the secular saint is brave there are many things of which he can boast. The proudest of his boasts is the renunciation of all hope, the rejection of all salvation. This is indeed a dark mystery, full of a twisted sacredness and black impenetrability. It is the very want of light, the holy gloom of life, that makes the philosophy of the secular saint, so he thinks, nearer the truth. For him truth is always naked, grim, tragic, acidic, flat. The refusal to sugar the truth, the determination, almost evangelical, to live without meaning and without expectation, is what gives him the right to secular canonization.

The secular saint often looks to us like a professional cynic. This he would deny because it would imply that his apostolic dedication to despair is a pose. He insists upon his sincerity. He believes in the great weariness of life. Against the general boredom of existence there is only one defense: defiance. The secular saint defies life, defies death, defies morality, defies tradition, defies defiance. It is, he admits, all very confusing and, in the end, all very boring.

To defy life requires bravery and honesty; but before defiance must come acceptance. Man must accept life as it is. The secular saint is inclined to see life as a rather gloomy, often sordid, affair. The only way to be virtuous is to accept the sorry mess. Life is a cheat. Cheat it before it cheats you. As long as life is going to be nasty business, you might as well enjoy it. Don't try to escape. Don't take refuge in any illusions. Be brave. Be sordid.

The secular saint is a lover of reality. And the one reality he is most sure of is his own body. He thinks of the pleasures of the body as the light of the world and they alone momentarily illumine the darkness. Though the joy of the flesh is, for him, the ultimate ecstasy, even here there is no wonder, no awe. His exploitation of the body

is not motivated by creative love; rather it is directed by a wonderless calculation. This, he believes, makes for honesty. Here there is no sham, no illusion; only the ring of clinical authenticity.

He tends to consider his easy morals a truer kind of chastity, more fundamental, more sensitive, richer. He looks upon the virtue of the faithful spouse and the continent as a commonplace vulgarity. They are, he is sure, all honorable men, but basically captives of an illusion. The moral restraint, the security of an ordered life, the sense of direction, the clean-cut, bright-eyed optimism of the Christian is for the secular saint the joy of the ignorant. He looks with pity on the immense innocence with which the Christian lives out his life, this child who gives meaning to life and purpose to death.

What distinguishes the secular saint from the Christian, however, is not the level of elevated animality on which he lives. It is not his proud defiance of accepted norms. It is his mysticism of despair. At this point his sanctity begins, and, having gone full circle, here it ends. The beatific vision of despair is man's final goal. Only the honest, the brave, the heroes of sensitivity are admitted to this dark vision, those who have the courage to live without the comfort of morality, those brave enough to face the terrors of life without meaning and death without hope.

The mysticism of despair is deeply rooted in contemporary philosophy, drama, and in the modern novel. Undoubtedly there are many secular saints—philosophers, playwrights, novelists—whose sanctity, judged even by the easy standards of despair, is not real. For all their talk about sincerity they are not sincere. Their honesty is deceit and their bravery is a flight from the rigors of reality. They are little boys who do not know the answer to life. Like forgetful children they no longer remember even the proper question. They have danced and made believe together. They have grown accustomed to the general farce and they like life that way. They no longer ask the meaning of life.

But there are other secular saints whose despair is not the posturing of little boys. They are mature men, truly sincere and honest. Their darkness, they know, is real and they have the intelligence to fear it and to cry out against it. Representative of this group is the Nobel-Prize winner, Albert Camus. A character in one of his plays says, "To lose one's life is a little thing and I shall have the courage to do it if necessary; but to see the meaning of this life dissipated, to see our reason for existence disappear, that is what is unbearable. One cannot live without meaning." Camus does not yet know the meaning of life. His despair is, however, a seeking for meaning. He does not possess the right answer, but he has not forgotten the proper question: what is life without meaning? Death without hope?

The secular saint's despair, identification of ruthlessness with truthfulness, contempt for the respectable precautions of other men, are not without value. They throw light on the virtue of hope.

Man left to himself, as the secular saint bears tragic witness, is quite apt to get involved in a defiant pessimism. He does not attain hope, the promise of future beatitude. That is what St. Thomas meant when he said that a purely human hope "falls short of the notion of virtue." Hope is a virtue only when it comes from God, like faith and charity. Hope is a divine virtue because only God can give it.

Hope is not an easy answer to the question of life and death. St. Thomas says, "hope implies a certain imperfection." The imperfection of the Christian's life in the world will cause him anguish. This he must face with honesty and bravery. The imperfection of the present life will also make him look forward to the Perfect Life, which is God Himself. The virtue of hope gives him a divine certainty, as strong as God's strength, as unchangeable as God's word, that life has meaning, that in death there is purpose, that the joy of the Lord will be his.

NCCM's Martin Work



Top-level Conference as Mr. Work meets with staff, Richard J. Walsh, Frank Cronin, John G. Bowen, and Edward J. Cawley

The National Council of Catholic Men is springing to life under the leadership of executive director, Martin H. Work

by PAUL F. HEALY

HOLLYWOOD AND MADISON AVENUE are not normally regarded as ideal training grounds for leaders of Catholic Action. Yet these two fountains of American slickness helped produce the energetic and imaginative Martin Work, Executive Director of the National Council of Catholic Men.

Work quit them both, disenchanted, ten years ago. The soap opera world's loss was the Church's gain. Work brings to his job just what it needs most. He is an organizer, promoter, and salesman—and a "pro" at all three. Since he took over in 1950, NCCM has quadrupled in size and broadened and intensified its activities. The fact remains that many—perhaps most—Catholics do not know exactly what NCCM does (though it was founded by the Bishops of the

United States back in 1920) other than to sponsor the *Catholic Hour*.

Work has been trying to remedy this by traveling up and down the land the year around. Since laymen generally are too busy to convene regionally on weekdays, his talks keep him away from his family in a Washington, D.C., suburb one third of his weekends, sometimes for six weekends in a row.

What Work "sells" is the purpose and meaning of NCCM, plus the need for an active and informed lay apostolate. He also spends much of his time in the delicate art of "negotiating" with bishops, through whom NCCM forms its diocesan councils, the basic skeleton of its operations. For a man whose first serious ambition was to become a radio announcer, he obviously has come a long way.

Forty-two years old, Work is a young-looking, six-foot-four-inch, 215-pounder. A caricaturist probably would stress long legs, a hand gesturing with a burning pipe, and an open mouth. For Work is articulate.

"I was always able to express myself," he says. "Just the gift of gab of the Irish, I guess."

Before Work became fed up with TV, radio, and advertising, his fluency had passed some hard tests. Perhaps the severest occurred in 1936, when he was doing sundry chores for an experimental television station on the Don Lee network in Los Angeles—actually the first TV station in the United States.

One night Reid Kilpatrick, who was announcing wrestling matches, invited Work to keep him company. After the



Work presents NCCM's TV award for "History of Communism" to Brig. General Sarnoff

Mr. and Mrs. Work at home with children Kathy, 2, Christopher, 5, and Juliana, 7. Mrs. Work is a Lily-Pons type soprano

matches were underway, Kilpatrick asked him to take over the comment for a few minutes while he went out for a smoke. Kilpatrick was gone for an hour and a half. Work knew nothing about the finer points of wrestling, much less how to describe them, but he managed to keep up a stream of chatter about the grunting performers without breaking down either in ignorance or laughter.

NCCM has no individual members. It is a kind of Catholic "trade association," being a federation of some 10,000 local Catholic men's groups, including the Knights of Columbus, Holy Name Society, St. Vincent de Paul Society, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Serra Clubs, lawyers' and doctors' guilds, etc. NCCM functions as the voice and servant of the male parishioner. An integral part of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, it has developed enormously as a service organization in recent years.

"Our main reason for being," Work feels, "is to serve our people as fast and as best we can."

While NCCM has made great gains organization-wise, Work is well aware that statistics are meaningless if the average Catholic layman still does not realize his responsibility to participate in the life of the parish and try to exercise a Christian influence on society. As a clearing-house and information channel, NCCM now distributes through the diocesan councils suggested programs for pulling the tired parishioner away from his TV set or his bowling alley. One booklet tells how to conduct fifteen different kinds of meetings. There are also regional workshops for training leaders.

"We use all the tricks of the trade used successfully commercially to tell our story," Work explains. "Just because you are a religious organization doesn't

mean you have to be backward or old-fashioned. In 1950 NCCM was dead on its feet."

Work has raised NCCM's "voice" by a good many decibels. Its current "spectacular" is *Rome Eternal*, a unique motion picture divided into four half-hour sequences relating the movement of Christian faith and culture from the time of St. Peter to Pope Pius XII. The film was produced in co-operation with the National Broadcasting Company and written by Paul Horgan, the distinguished novelist and historian. It was telecast by 135 NBC affiliates during four consecutive weeks this winter and will be re-run on TV in August. NCCM will then distribute it for private showings in 16 mm. film.

Work and his radio-TV assistant, Richard Walsh, first sold NBC's public affairs department on the idea of *Rome Eternal*, then the Holy Father himself—who was immediately enthusiastic. Work, Walsh, and the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John J. Dougherty, of Darlington, N. J., with NBC's Doris Ann and Martin Hoade, supervised the shooting by NBC's top cameraman and a crew of 14 Italian cameramen and technicians recruited in Italy. There was never a dull moment. The Vatican cardinals were worried about heat damage from the powerful lights used in making close-ups of the priceless frescoes in the Sistine chapel. And the camera crew had the problem of running electric cables into the dim recesses of the Catacombs.

NCCM now regularly sponsors 48 half-hour television programs a year on free air time over CBS and NBC plus 130 half-hour programs on three networks. One of these is the Sunday *Catholic Hour*, presently in its twenty-eighth year. Played over more than 160 TV stations thus far are 13 NCCM-produced

films entitled *We Believe*, spelling out what Catholics believe about 13 different subjects. U.S. military chaplains are using over 1,000 of these films in their religious instruction.

Martin Haverty Work is a native Californian of Irish descent on both sides. His mother, Annie Haverty, was a devout Catholic who had come from Galway, where she had taught Gaelic. She was killed in an auto accident in 1942. Death has pursued the family. Of the five children, Martin is the only one who has escaped a fatal illness or accident.

The family grew up in Los Angeles, where Martin was born on May 5, 1915. He was educated at St. Thomas grammar school, Loyola High school, and Loyola University there. His father worked hard as a landscape gardener and life was never easy financially. After high school, in the depths of the depression, young Martin worked as a truck driver to earn enough money to go to college. He won the university's top award, a gold medal for debating, in his very first debate and became active in dramatics.

Work also talked radio station KFWB into sponsoring a weekly program called the *Loyola University of the Air*. He was its producer and announcer. Then he broke out on another station with a half-hour variety show which he wrote and announced. Despite this extracurricular career, he won his bachelor of arts degree cum laude from Loyola in 1937.

Work then agreed to remain at the university and set up a radio department in which he taught radio, advertising, and speech. But he also kept his voice tuned up as an announcer, describing the "color" between the halves of the 1938 Rose Bowl game and at all the professional football games at Gilmore sta-

At premiere of Rome Eternal, NCCM's drama of Church history



dium in Los Angeles. And he earned a master of arts degree in literature from the University of Southern California.

In 1940, Work left Loyola to write radio scripts for Tay Garnett, one of the top movie producers of the 1930's. One of them became *China Seas*, a radio serial featuring John Wayne and William Gargan.

About this time, Work made his first contact with NCWC in Washington. He was asked to direct network radio shows as part of the Catholic Bishops' drive for their War Relief Fund. He recruited Bing Crosby, Pat O'Brien, Loretta Young, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and other big-name stars. It led to his taking over production of *The Living God*, a radio Passion play presented annually by NCCM.

In 1941 Work also became program consultant for the new National Catholic Community Service, the Catholic agency of the USO. This brought him to Washington and another turning point in his career. He ran into Tom Lewis, husband of Loretta Young and an advertising executive who was then setting up the Armed Forces Radio Service.

Lewis liked Work's ideas and promptly "drafted" him. At twenty-six years old, Work moved into the Pentagon as a \$20-a-day special consultant to then Secretary of War Stimson. He wrote some of the armed forces' first radio shows, including *Why We Fight*. Soon the Army directly commissioned him as a first lieutenant so he could be sent overseas to supervise creation of the "North African Network"—eventually nineteen front-line radio stations which broadcast information and entertainment to the troops.

Work spent the last part of the war as a major and the commanding officer of the Armed Forces Radio Service at its

production center in Los Angeles. In January, 1946, Lewis brought Work to the Young and Rubicam advertising firm as program executive in the radio-TV department on Madison Avenue in New York. Subsequently, he was transferred to Los Angeles as production supervisor of all the company's West Coast shows, including *Baby Snooks*, *Ozzie and Harriet*, and *The Ginny Sims Show*. This gave him the responsibility of being liaison between the agency and the client—and incipient ulcers. In 1948 he suddenly resigned this high-paying position.

"Gradually, it began to seem of less than world-shaking importance how you described a cake of soap," he explains. "And I was tired of the pressure of always having to be gay and smart. I had been the extra man at too many of the big stars' parties—and I was fed up with the glamour of Hollywood."

Meanwhile, in April, 1948, Work married the beautiful and charming Maria Cespedes at the San Gabriel Mission. She was a concert singer born in Mexico of a Cuban father and Mexican mother. Mrs. Work is a Lily Pons-type soprano and still gives an occasional concert in Washington when she can escape from her housewifely chores. The Works have three children—Juliana, 7; Christopher, 5; and Kathleen, 2.

Work returned to Washington in 1948 as program consultant of NCCS, at the invitation of Msgr. (now Bishop) Howard Carroll, then head of NCWC. Two years later the top job at NCCM fell

vacant and its board of directors offered it to him.

From his office in the huge, modernistic NCWC building on Massachusetts Avenue, Work is available to represent the American Catholic layman before Congressional committees and other official bodies. By its very nature, NCCM can speak with strength and authority on issues that range all the way from censorship to immigration and aid-to-education.

Work sends a steady stream of printed material across the country. Special background-in-depth information on major controversial issues—such as the relationship between church and state—is furnished to a key list of fifteen lay leaders in each organized diocese.

Dioceses in the process of being organized into NCCM councils are guided every step of the way with the help of brochures and the on-the-spot assistance of an NCCM field representative. The number of diocesan councils has jumped from 11 to 49 during Work's regime.

What sort of action does NCCM produce down the line? Well, when the Grand Rapids, Mich., diocese conducted the first actual door-to-door Catholic census in the United States, it was planned and staffed by NCCM. Other dioceses are now modeling their census-taking on the Grand Rapids plan. In another NCCM-promoted project, more than 10 dioceses asked their men to pledge themselves to start attending Mass once on a weekday. The response was tremendous. In Peoria, Ill., 45,000 extra Masses were heard in a period of 88 weeks.

When the Hungarian refugees needed homes in a hurry in 1956, NCCM circularized its key list of leaders on an emergency basis. The reaction was heartening. The El Paso, Tex., diocese alone took 15 Hungarians immediately.

Does all this mean the average Catholic layman in the United States is "coming of age?" Work is optimistic.

"In scientific jargon," he says, "the lay apostolate is on the verge of a 'major breakthrough.' The pressure is on from the Holy Father and from many of our bishops and priests. Fossilized concepts of the role of the laity are disappearing.

(Continued on page 66)

PAUL F. HEALY has published many articles in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Coronet* and other magazines. For the past twelve years, he has been Washington correspondent for the *New York Daily News*.



Radio and Television

The outstanding performers of the past season as selected

Well, here we are, nearing the end of another season of television, so let's give it a respectful backward glance, mention some of the top people and programs, and let the brickbats and posies fall where they may.

First, though, let's acknowledge what must be apparent to all: that the 1957-58 season was TV's biggest and best to date, and by a good margin. I know I've said this at the end of every season since TV's commercial beginning in 1946, but that's the way I've seen it. Nor do I feel anyone could—or can, now—argue to the contrary. Even though there still is much to be desired, the medium has made tremendous strides in every department and, in fact, as an industry, it remains unsurpassed in speed of growth and extent of development.

Big as TV is today, however, it's still in its infancy, and the best and most exciting things are in the future, things like global transmission, universal color, foolproof reception, third dimension, and a hundred or more other technological advances that moved nearer fruition during the past ten months.

Naturally, I'm referring to TV in the United States, in which there currently are about 50,000,000 receivers, about 500 stations, putting it far ahead of the rest of the world, although interest in the electronic miracle is spreading so rapidly it's safe to predict it will be truly worldwide and within reach of all by 1968, if not before.

Eenie, Meenie, Etc.

Now, let's get down to some specifics.

In my book, Dinah Shore was "the outstanding TV personality" during 1957-58, with a "clean sweep" of all other honors possible to her growing out of this one. Obviously, then, she rates

"the outstanding female personality" award and the nod as "best female vocalist." Also, her ingenious, refreshing, tasteful, hour-long series on NBC-TV gets my vote as "the best musical-variety program."

Although not in Dinah's class as yet, Jack Paar was also a standout during the past year and the logical choice as "the outstanding male personality," with his nightly ninety minutes on NBC-TV drawing "best new series" honors.

In view of this, the selection here of Phil Silvers as the year's "best comedian," his *Sgt. Bilko* series as "the best comedy program," might seem inconsistent. Actually, the two aren't competitors, Paar being a humorist rather than a comedian, his show being musical-variety rather than straight comedy.

Bishop Sheen Repeats

In "the best religious program" category, Bishop Fulton Sheen's *Life Is Worth Living*, currently being syndicated around the country on film, again rates top consideration. At least I know of nothing that surpasses it in content and general presentation values.

"The best Western" is *Guns smoke*, starring Big Jim Arness on CBS-TV, with NBC-TV's expensive, hour-long *Wagon Train*, with Ward Bond, a close second.

Ralph Edwards' *This Is Your Life* series, in my opinion, still is "the best human interest program" around.

As in past TV years, young viewers continued to be among the important star-makers of 1957-58, during which they gave the edge to CBS-TV's *Capt. Kangaroo*, starring Bobby Keeshan, over *Popeye*, *The Club House Gang*, and other favorites. I'll go along with that choice.

I'll also go along with the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences' selection

of Peter Ustinov as the year's "best actor" for his portrayal of Samuel Johnson on *Omnibus* and go along willingly, wholeheartedly, and without reservation or qualification. On the other hand, I'm reluctant to give Polly Bergen "best actress" honors for her *Playhouse 90* performance as Helen Morgan, but I suppose I must, since there doesn't seem to be much choice.

I'm a mite more willing (and a mite is all I'll allow) to label *Playhouse 90* "the best dramatic series" despite some poor individual shows and others that were just average, again only because there isn't much from which to choose.

In "the public service series" category, I feel Ed Murrow's *See It Now* was best.

Notable Weaknesses

There were weaknesses in TV during the past year, too, notably in the news category, in which practically all regular, major programs assumed a flatness and sameness of format and general character. Since there has been no dearth of news to account for this, TV must assume full responsibility for its failure to devise better and more effective presentation techniques. No series led the pack as John Cameron Swayze's *News Caravan* did for so long but, since a choice must be made, let's make it in favor of Doug Edwards' nightly segment on CBS-TV.

TV also was deplorably weak in musical offerings during 1957-58, although I feel this situation will be corrected in the near future, probably next season, music being a much-in-demand entertainment staple. Under the circumstances, one is forced to select *Your Hit Parade* as "the best musical series" because that's all there is (there just isn't any more).

OPPOSITE PAGE: Despite criticism, Milton Berle proved his right to "Mr. TV" title by his show-stopping performance on recent "Emmy Awards" show

by JOHN LESTER . . .

A most important category is sports, as always, and the entrees here are plentiful, but I feel Gillette's coverage of a wide variety of attractions the best, the pooled coverage of the 1957 World Series the best one-shot event.

Pro and Con "Emmy"

While the 1957 Academy of Television Arts and Sciences' "Emmy" awards telecast is behind us, I don't think a review of the proceedings here and now would be terribly amiss because of its importance to the TV industry, which is to say every viewer in the nation, and because a discussion and/or comparison of "best" selections is in order.

Briefly and quickly, then, let me say I feel the Academy has accomplished wonders during the past year and there's every indication that it will continue.

Ed Sullivan has done a superb job as national president, mainly in spearheading the much-needed reorganization and simplification of its over-all operation, unifying its various factions, and alleviating to a great extent the bitter East-West rivalries that came near destroying it a short time ago.

His address to Academy members and the public at large at the beginning of the 1957 "Emmy" Awards telecast, probably the best I've ever heard him make, was intelligent, authoritative, and sounded a keynote of confidence and definiteness of purpose for the future.

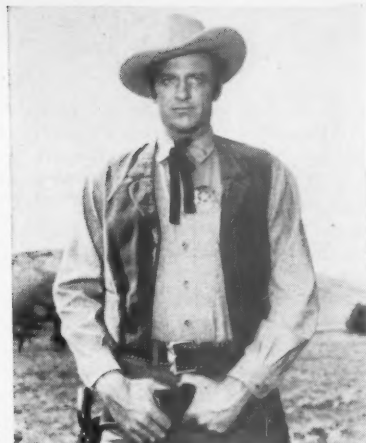
And the program that followed didn't let him down.

Latest Awards the Best

To my mind, eyes, and ears, it was the best awards ceremony ATAS has presented since its organization, either on or off TV.



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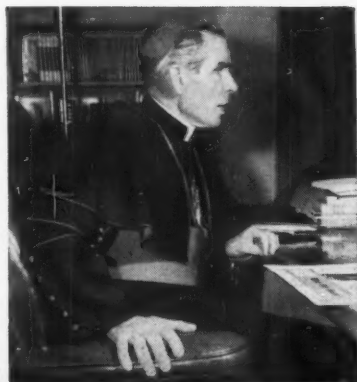
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- 1 Dinah Shore: outstanding female personality, best female vocalist, and hostess of best musical variety show
- 2 Jack Paar: logical choice as outstanding male personality, with show drawing "best new series" honors
- 3 Phil Silvers: year's best comedian whose "Sergeant Bilko" series continues as "best comedy program"
- 4 Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's "Life Is Worth Living" continues to represent the best in religious programs
- 5 "The best western" is "Gunsmoke," starring James Arness, with "Wagon Train" running a close second
- 6 Ralph Edwards' "This Is Your Life" series is still the "best human interest program" on television
- 7 Young viewers continued as star-makers, giving the edge to "Captain Kangaroo," starring Bobby Keeshan

I detected only one major hitch, at the very beginning, when James Garner and Shirley MacLaine, in Hollywood, and Louie Nye and Jill Corey, in New York, were "united" electronically for a song-and-dance number.

Once that rather embarrassing interlude was out of the way, however, the switches from emcee Phil Silvers in the East to emcee Danny Thomas in the West went smoothly, a good, bright pace was maintained, and the business of the evening was handled with dispatch and taste.

There was no hint that virtually the entire program was being improvised as it went along, a situation that became necessary when eleventh-hour union difficulties in New York upset planned proceedings at both points of origin.

Under the circumstances, the Academy's presentation committee accomplished the near-impossible in getting the program on the air at all.

But Not Perfect

In spite of the fact that this most recent "Emmy" telecast was the best to date and that marked progress has been made in other directions, the Academy still has a long road to travel and much to do en route.

The awards themselves, already greatly revised and simplified, need further revision and simplification.

The grouping of musical, variety, audience participation, and quiz shows, for example, is plainly ridiculous and unfair. Equally so (terribly discouraging for individual performers, too, I imagine), are the awards for best continuing performance by an actor, actress, supporting actor, and supporting actress "in dramatic or comedy series" because drama and comedy are worlds apart and there's no fair way to compare the people who excel in each.

Nominees for "best continuing performance by an actor in a leading role, dramatic or comedy series," to cite a typical instance, included Jim Arness, Robert Cummings, Phil Silvers, Danny Thomas, and Robert Young.

With the possible exception of Silvers and Thomas, this is like putting trotters, pacers, steeplechasers, regular racers, and drays on the same track at the same time simply because they are horses.

A Critic Suggests

While we're on the subject of awards, it seems to me ATAS would do well to borrow a page or so from the new book of rules recently adopted by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

The latter group has greatly streamlined its awards ceremony by dropping most technical categories from its telecast and making presentations pertaining to them afterward.

Most viewers, and this is both natural and understandable, are interested in the stars they've enjoyed in a particular role, play, etc., the men and women who represent the glamorous and exciting side of show business, and, except in unusual cases, don't care especially who was responsible for color, writing, direction, and musical score.

Sorry, Mr. Sponsor

The "Emmy" group would do well to follow the lead of the "Oscar" people in another direction, too, and further improve their yearly TV outing by eliminating regular bankrollers.

Like the "Oscar" telecast, the "Emmy" should be as institutional as possible and any mention on it of automobiles, home permanent kits, utensils, and such is out of place, intrusive, and incongruous.

Besides, the presence of any sponsor, regardless of his product, is a distinct disadvantage where so many stars are concerned and always results in confusion, conflicts, and, ultimately, some cancellations.

Many an ATAS headache was caused by this situation the last time around, and it's no secret that Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were unable to appear because of participation by an automotive firm that's considered serious competition by the sponsor of their new, hour-long, filmed hi-jinks.

And Lucy and Desi were only two of many.

I'm sure the more enlightened molders and shapers of ATAS policies, particularly Ed Sullivan, appreciate the necessity of going sponsorless in the future, but whether or not they are in the majority only time will tell.

Money, Money, Money

Sooner or later, though, the TV academy will be forced to pay its own way, and it will probably be sooner because the precedent has already been set by Hollywood and the advantages are plain.

Any plea of poverty by ATAS, and I can conceive of no other, should be put down as completely false, a stubborn refusal to cope with reality.

The movie academy mumbled and moaned about the high cost of one ninety-minute telecast once a year until wiser heads finally prevailed and the required amount was raised through a system of "studio taxation."

Meanwhile, the public listened in

amazement to the "poor mouth" protestations of an industry that has worked hard and spent millions to establish a reputation for opulence and lavishness before the world for nearly fifty years.

The money was available all the time, of course, and nobody was surprised when the film capital "coughed up," bowing to the inevitable.

The necessary funds have always been available to TV, too, and it's to be hoped ATAS will go after them without delay so that all wrinkles and kinks can be ironed out well in advance of the 1958 "Emmy" awards.

The Terrific Mr. TV

That telecast is still almost a year away, of course, but it's not too soon to start making plans now.

But whether the planning committee gets to work tomorrow, next week, or next month, I hope its final script includes Milton Berle in some capacity, and the more the merrier.

Even if the big guy weren't one of the greatest entertainers of our time (one of the greatest café entertainers of all time), he deserves a repeat on the strength of his show-stopping, show-stealing, talent-topping performance on the last "Emmy" go-round.

He was terrific and, luckily, was spotted early enough in the proceedings to set the tone for everything that followed, which was all to the good.

The same brash, rapid-fire Berle, refusing to be denied, kept punching away at his audience of fellow performers until even the most case-hardened and show-wise was in stitches; then he proceeded to hold at that high level until satisfied the momentum achieved would carry through to the very end.

And it did.

Up to that point, the program could have gone either way, up or down.

Berle made sure it would go in only one direction—up—proving in the process his right to the title of "Mr. TV" and making most of the other pros present appear like boys sent on a man's errand by comparison.

When he finished, even though to a storm of approval, there were a few who criticized him for "running overtime."

But that could be attributed to undiluted envy of the purest, arsenic-green cast.

As for me and any show of mine, Berle can run as much overtime as he likes as often as possible, because what he doesn't know about handling an audience and convulsing it with laughter isn't worth knowing.

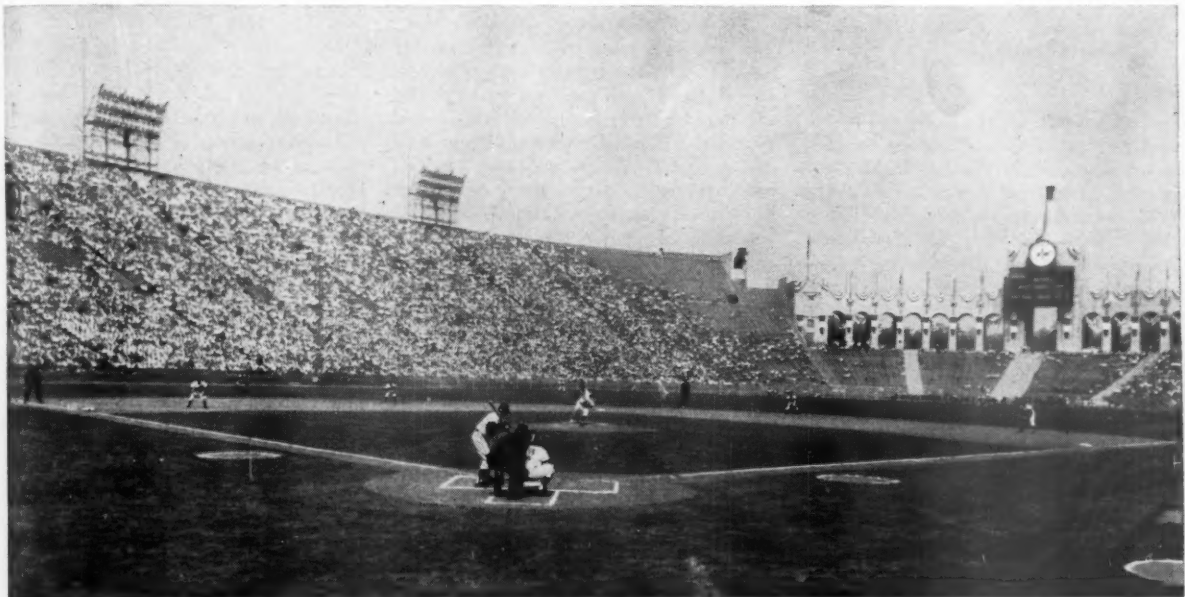
I have bushels of respect for that kind of knowledge and am deeply suspicious of anyone who says he does not.

That's where the money is

The new Westward Ho movement in baseball is only old enough to suggest that poor baseball is going to yield rich returns in Los Angeles

by RED SMITH

UNITED PRESS PHOTOS



In any baseball classification above Little League, a 250-foot fly is a pop-up, a not very long strikeout. Not so, however, in the park O'Malley calls baseball's greatest cow pasture

When John C. Fremont, the Walter O'Malley of yesterday, crossed the Rockies to make California safe for Jayne Mansfield and the Glorified Hamburger, the party dined one evening on roast dog and filet of mule. When Walter O'Malley, the John C. Fremont of tomorrow, led his lodge brothers of the National League over the same route this year, the menu offered *faisan sous cloche*.

In their first three games in Los Angeles, the displaced Brooklyn Dodgers played to 167,209 cash customers, roughly 16 per cent of the total attendance for seventy-seven home games in 1957. Baseball never had it so good, or so bad.

By the time these paragraphs are published, the baseball season will be about six weeks old and it should be possible to assay with fair accuracy the effects of the historic Westward Ho movement. As this is written, the experiment is only old enough to suggest that poor

baseball is going to yield rich returns in Los Angeles.

There was a period during the winter when it appeared that neither Memorial Coliseum in Los Angeles nor the Rose Bowl in Pasadena would be available and the only place the Dodgers could play would be Wrigley Field, a minor league park formerly occupied by the Angels of the Pacific Coast League.

Commenting on the situation in a television interview, Ford Frick remarked that he would "hate to see Babe Ruth's record (sixty home runs in a season) broken in a—ah, well, in some cow pasture." He was not referring specifically to any park, and he hastened to add that the playground in Wrigley Field met major league standards as far as the distances along the foul lines were concerned, though center field was a mite shallow.

Nevertheless, word got out that the commissioner of baseball had said the Dodgers were going to be playing in a

cow pasture. O'Malley, the Dodgers' president, responded with much indignation and some eloquence. Later he swung a deal to rent Memorial Coliseum as temporary quarters for his team. "This," he declared, casting an accountant's eye over the 101,000 seats, "will be the greatest cow pasture in baseball."

It is a fine stadium, designed for track and field sports and football. Big as it is, it is not shaped to accommodate a baseball field of respectable proportions. The diamond was laid out with home plate in the southwest curve of the oval and the left field foul line cutting diagonally across to a concrete wall 250 feet away.

In any baseball classification above the Little League, a 250-foot fly is a pop-up, a not very long strikeout. Here a blooper of that length reaches the screen for a hit or dribbles over the forty-two-foot barrier for a home run. This is why the joint was immediately dubbed Memorial Cow Pasture.

Now, nothing that follows is intended as a sneer at California or Los Angeles or motherhood or the nine-year-olds in the Little League or navel oranges. The point is, they're not playing major league ball in Los Angeles because they're not playing in a major league park, yet they could be doing so if they chose.

Perhaps the most frequently quoted dictum ever delivered by a baseball man was that of the late William Wrigley, the chewing gum tycoon who owned the Chicago Cubs.

"It is too much a sport to be a business," he said, "and too much a business to be a sport."

Today, as it was in Wrigley's time, it is up to each owner to decide where sport leaves off and business begins. In Los Angeles, the Dodgers had a clear choice. They could play in Wrigley Field, a fairly respectable playground with limited facilities for customers. Or they could play in Memorial Cow Pasture, where the box office could handle vast crowds but the left fielder couldn't handle a pop fly.

Walter O'Malley made his decision. It was easy.

Los Angeles is a big league town. It was ready years ago for big league baseball. With a little notice, it could have been prepared for big league ball. Instead it got something close to tiddly-winks, that game where you snip a little wafer into a cup with approximately the same technique a stripling employs when he aims for that left field screen.

In the season's second game in Los Angeles, there were twenty-two hits. Ten of them struck the screen or cleared it. This was big league baseball?

The clubs playing then were the Dodgers and Giants, by no means the most powerful in the league. Between the writing and reading of these words, there'll be other teams in Los Angeles with more musclemen pulling to left. If there aren't some scandalous travesties on the game, then Primo Carnera is Queen of the May.

The oddest feature of the whole situation is that playing in a handball court doesn't figure to help the home team, except financially. There was a time when the Dodgers had a lineup of righthanded hitters that ate their young. When they had Jackie Robinson and Roy Campanella, when Pee Wee Reese and Carl Furillo were young, nobody dared pitch a lefthander against them.

Now they have moved into a park that is a Taj Mahal for right-handed hitters, and most of their right-handed power is gone.

They still have Reese and Furillo. Charley Neal will reach the left field wall sometimes and so will the rookie, Dick Gray. Gino Cimoli should do it on occasion. The park ought to be a romp in the clover for Gil Hodges.

Fact is, though, that of all the stars who won all those pennants for Brooklyn, only Hodges appears to be still at top form. It looks as though the Dodgers got the park they wanted when

they were too old to enjoy it.

After a few days in their new home, the saddest of the Dodgers was Southern California's native son, Duke Snider. The muscular avocado grower is proud of his homeland. When drooling right-handed batters eyed the screen and crowed about playing in a handball court, he bridled; when pitchers called it a chamber of horrors, he flinched but remained silent. Then he took his licks and it was like a knife in his gizzard.

Duke is a lefthander who hits to right field but does not often pull the ball close to the foul line, where the Cow Pasture fence is within easy reach. He used to flog his home runs over the scoreboard in Brooklyn or even farther out toward center field. In Los Angeles, the cyclone fence bounding right field veers sharply away from the foul line to a depth of 440 feet.

Snider found that when he ripped into a pitch and sent it 425 feet, an outfielder was under it and it was just a long strikeout. His heartburn was aggravated by a damaged knee which hampered efforts to get around on pitches and pull the ball close to the foul pole.

The most unkindest cut was the knowledge that his employers had dictated the position of the fence in right. Feeling that other teams had more lefthanded power than they, the Dodgers purposely set the barrier deep to harass the opposition at the cost of hamstringing their one big right field hitter.

If this seems to fall short of the ideal in sportsmanship and fairness, the answer is that as a major league park the Cow Pasture isn't fair to anybody.

It has been argued that the terrain offers advantages and disadvantages which, in the long run, will cancel each other out. Whereas a pop fly which attains an altitude of forty-two feet can ooze into the seats for a home run, a line drive that might climb out of any other playground may hit the screen for a single. To argue that this makes everybody square is to contend that two wrongs can make a right.

A park where feeble bloopers are worth four bases is unfair to pitchers. A park that chisels home runs down to singles is unfair to hitters.

Still, there's no getting away from the glittering attractions of 101,000 seats. Last time Willie the Actor Sutton was available to the press, a reporter asked him a question so pointed it bordered on the downright rude.

"Why do you rob banks, Willie?" "That's where the money is," Mr. Sutton said with simple dignity.

It might be unrefined to ask why the Dodgers play in Memorial Cow Pasture.



The saddest of the Dodgers was Duke Snider, a lefthander who hits to right field, a huge 190 feet further away from home plate than the left field fence

by Aloysius McDonough, C.P.

THE SIGN POST

Another Caution

In the January issue of "The Sign Post," you inveighed against the group known as the Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and their publications. Some readers mistook your reference as applicable to the Slaves of Love of Our Lady. Please dispel confusion.—F. T., BAY SHORE, N.Y.

It is surprising how easily people are misled by titles which are somewhat similar but by no means identical. The self-styled Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary are condemned by the Holy See. The Slaves of Love of Our Lady are the followers of St. Louis De Montfort, an apostle of true devotion to the Mother of God, founder of the Missionaries of the Company of Mary known as the De Montfort Fathers.

Snarl

My brother joined the Masons, then the Episcopalian Church, then married in that church. If he still believes in the Catholic Church, what should he do, what can he do? If he doesn't believe, what should I do? My husband thinks I should mind my own business.—B. L., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Your brother's spiritual problem is your business. His salvation is at stake, as well as the future of his children. This is no time to adopt a "Caspar Milquetoast" attitude and policy. If he still believes in the Catholic Church, he can and should renounce his membership as a Mason and as an Episcopalian, be reconciled to the Church through the absolution of his sins and his excommunication and by rectifying his marriage within the Church.

Because of distance, your visits to him are, necessarily, few and far between. For that reason, and because his problem is such a snarl, it is advisable that you enlist the help of his local parish priest. That help is a "must," if your brother no longer believes in the Church. To help him, one would have to know more about his five-year process of defection from the Church. Valid reasons do not exist: pretexts may have appealed to a confused, unguided mind. Your obligation now is one of very earnest prayer, kind patience, and calm courage.

Excommunicated

Am under the impression that the ecclesiastical penalty of excommunication, although incurred by a Catholic who marries before a minister, does not apply to one who marries before a civil official. But you refer to excommunication for a JP marriage. ("Sign Post," Feb., 1958)—J. D., WALTHAM, MASS.

The excommunication referred to under the caption "No Divorce from Church" was established by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore and affects those who, after civil divorce, attempt another marriage, whether before a minister or a civil official. If both parties to the attempted remarriage be Catholics, both incur the excommunication.

ABC's

a) My nephew, a widower married outside the Church, is very ill. Will he be buried from a Catholic church? Can we attend his funeral? What can we do at a time like this? b) A sister is married to a Protestant, outside the Church. She and her children don't go to church—what can I say to them? c) I thought there was only one "Lord's Prayer."—L. M., RUTLAND, VT.

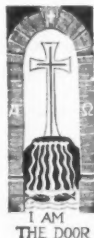
a) You can probably attend your nephew's funeral in a Catholic church. But that may depend upon how much longer you delay in sending for a priest. Reach for the telephone now!

b) The policy of your legal nephews and nieces seems to be that, since we all pray to one and the same God—"what's the difference?" Since they take their cue from their legal mother and are so indifferent to religion, there is skimpy reason for optimism. But you might try to sharpen their dull thinking. Ask them if they are really convinced that, in view of all the differences of opinion about God to be found in Protestantism alone, the Almighty Himself could say: "What's the difference?" For example, can it be a matter of indifference to Him or to us whether He is really present in the Eucharist?

c) As honored by Catholics and Protestants, the "Our Father" is essentially the same. Generally speaking, Protestants and also many Christians of the Oriental Rites add, as a doxology or formula of praise, the following words: "For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory."

Untidy Thinking

Am so confused that I think perhaps, after all, the only right ones in the matter of religion are the agnostics.—A. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



An agnostic is a religious know-nothing who claims he cannot rise above the level of an ignoramus. You do not belong in that category. But you should realize that clear thinking—not agnosticism—is the cure for mental confusion.

One of your biggest difficulties is that not every one is a Catholic. Suppose that Christians did not outnumber any non-Christian group in the world, suppose that Catholics did not outnumber any other so-called Christian denomination, the will of Christ is still beyond question: "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." (John 10:16) It is misleading to gauge the intellectual appeal of Christ's teaching and example by the number of those who do not heed that appeal. A cogent argument *impels* but never *compels* our assent. The peace of Christ is in ratio—not to our I.Q.—but to our good will.

Mere statistics can add up to a most unreliable poll. Have you allowed for the "gremlins" which so often interfere with logical thinking, especially in religious matters? Apropos of Christianity in general and even more so of Catholic Chris-

tianity in particular, there is much negative ignorance and much positive misinformation. Indifference is worse than bigotry. Worst of all is the attitude of those who would prefer not to know the whole truth. "The hour cometh when whosoever killeth you will think that he doth a service to God." (John 16:2)

You are disturbed especially by the number of non-Catholic scholars who "can refute the teachings of the Church." To refute means to prove false or erroneous. To doubt or to deny is one thing; to refute is quite another. Name one person, if you can, who has refuted the claims of Christ or of the Catholic Church. It should be kept in mind that many scholars are specialists in an extremely limited field. They know as little about religion as they know much about material science. Outside their sphere, they can be and often are incredibly ignorant, indifferent, and prejudiced. On the other hand, have you considered the all but endless list of balanced scholars who are prominent as Catholics? For example, Ampere, founder of the science of electrodynamics; Roger Bacon the Franciscan, known as the father of experimental science; Braille, inventor of raised-point printing; Alexis Carrel, biologist, surgeon, Nobel prize winner; Copernicus the astronomer; Galileo, astronomer and physicist; Mendel, author of the Mendelian laws of heredity; Pasteur the father of bacteriology. We are confident you are willing to add to the list such scholarly churchmen as St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, Cardinal Newman. Do you think any or all of them were "taken in" by the claims of the Church?

You seem to be much impressed by the alleged "leakage" from the Church. Some degree of secession from the Church is to be expected. That Christ foresaw that sort of thing is clear from His parable of the sower and the seed. (Read St. Matthew's thirteenth chapter.) Especially nowadays, Methodists seem anxious to "make ex-Catholics feel at home." If the survey of their statistician is reliable, there will be few if any Catholics in the USA by the end of the calendar year, and most Methodists will be renegade Catholics. Some "leakage" there is and always will be, for the same reasons that deter people from committing themselves to Catholicity. The process of secession is not a modern phenomenon—it began with Judas.

We trust that the above considerations will help somewhat to channel your thinking along logical lines. You do need a pilot other than Dr. Norman Vincent Peale of *Look* magazine, to avoid the "rocks of contradiction." More about that, later. Why not tell us *why* you "would like to be a Catholic"? Why allocate all the space in your long and interesting letter to the "buts"?

Information, Please

a) A person left the Church on the occasion of a civil marriage. Was he guilty of sin in not supporting his parish financially, during the period prior to his repentance? b) During that period, he made an act of contrition every night. Why was it necessary for him to go to confession? —J. S., SCHERERVILLE, IND.

a) In this case, nonsupport of the parish is a sin incidental to marriage outside the Church. Although his civil marriage was invalid, he did not thereby leave the Church nor did the Church excommunicate him. Strictly speaking, he is obliged to make up arrears in his support of the parish. But if it would entail hardship to do so, he should resume here and now.

b) The ordinary or normal means for the forgiveness of all grave sins committed after Baptism is recourse to the sacrament of Penance. Whenever guilty of grave sin, a person should confess sacramentally as soon as it is reasonably

possible to do so. Otherwise, he continues to expose himself to eternal alienation from God. Until he can and does have recourse to the sacrament, an attitude of contrition is very much called for. An act of perfect contrition does merit the forgiveness of sin—even mortal sin. But the obligation to submit mortal sin to the "power of the keys" as soon as feasible still urges. An act of even perfect contrition is not an unqualified substitute for confession, any more than baptism of desire is an unqualified substitute for baptism of water. In this case, the perfection of his contrition is questionable. Sincere contrition bespeaks a purpose of amendment which outrules dillydallying.

Gasoline And Alcohol

Is it a mortal sin to drink and drive a car? Why do priests differ in their opinions?—M. D., QUINCY, MASS.

Obviously it is more or less sinful to drive a car, in proportion to the extent that a person's functional activity is lowered by the influence of sedation. "One for the road" may be, momentarily, a stimulant, but in a matter of minutes may become a sedative. (For all practical purposes, include tranquilizers or "happiness pills.") Individuals react differently to the influence of alcohol. Even an individual may react differently to the same amount at different times. One who is artificially stimulated is a poor judge as to his competence at the wheel.

"To drink and then drive a car is a mortal sin." The accuracy of that statement depends upon factors such as indicated above. That "mixing alcohol and gasoline" can be a serious hazard to a driver and to the safety of others is evidenced by the laws of many States. Confessors do know the difference between venial and mortal sin and are of the same opinion as to the morality of reckless or careless driving. But as to whether this or that driver, on this or that occasion, is guilty of mortal or venial sin or no sin at all depends upon circumstances. As to whether you are entitled to resume Holy Communion, we suggest you examine your conscience in the light of the explanation given.

"Green Light"

How can I find out if an appeal for funds is legitimate? —P. E., MALDEN, MASS.

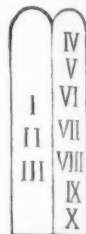
In any such case, ask your parish priest to check the Catholic Directory. St. Joseph's Indian School is in Chamberlain, South—not North—Dakota, in the diocese of Sioux Falls, and is conducted by priests and brothers of the Sacred Heart and by Benedictine Sisters.

Godparents

a) If both parents be deceased, who is responsible for the children—relatives or godparents? b) Since converts are adults, why do they need godparents?—M. E., PITTSBURGH, PA.

a) It is often the case that godparents are also relatives. The duty of baptismal godparents is solicitude for the religious education of their godchildren. Ordinarily, the over-all custody of orphaned children could be claimed legally by relatives.

b) Although adults can answer for themselves, their sponsors are official witnesses of baptism, of incorporation within the Catholic Church. Although adults, converts can betray symptoms of backsliding. In any such case, there is a call for the diplomatic offices of a godparent.



Antichrist

Since my first baby, I have been a bundle of nerves. Am expecting another soon. Am tormented by a fear that he may turn out to be Antichrist.—M. L., LA JOLLA, CALIF.

You realize that you are very excitable, neurotic even. That realization should help somewhat in your endeavor to discount fears. Reasonably, you may assume that most of your fears are groundless or, at least, very much inflated. You are to be commended for investing in a family Bible, but we recommend that you by-pass whatever you do not understand readily. The scriptural references to Antichrist are among the most difficult to interpret, so much so as to tax the scholarship of experts. Antichrist—the worst of all the human opponents of Christ—is to precede the second and final advent of Christ and the end of the world. But we have no reason to think that the end of the world is imminent, whereas we have ample reason to think that it lies in the extremely remote future. That argument alone outrules any likelihood that any of your children will prove to be "that wicked one." (2 Thess. 2:8)

"Finders—Keepers"

While plowing a field, I found a piece of jewelry. On "finders-keepers" theory, I had it reset. Because of this good luck, promised a donation to the missions—only to find the jewelry is worthless. How about my promise?—D. R., NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Had you discovered natural resources, such as gold or oil, and if the field were yours, you would have an unqualified claim to whatever you found. Not so, however, in this case. "Finders-Keepers" is an unsound policy, legally and morally, unless reasonable diligence is used to find the rightful owner. Should a quest for the owner entail expense, the finder is entitled to compensation by the owner. Incidentally, because there is a Divine Providence, there is no such thing as "luck." Your promise to help the missions was conditional, based upon the assumption you had discovered something of considerable value. On that score, you have no obligation to keep the promise. But to the extent that means permit, all are obliged in charity to help the missions.

Obstacle

Do the souls in purgatory benefit by indulgences which are prayed for by a person in mortal sin?—M. D., CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

An indulgence is a remission, in whole or in part, of the penalty due to sin after the guilt of sin has been remitted. A person who is alienated from God because of grave sin is in no position to merit indulgences for the living or the deceased. Between the grave sinner and the Almighty, supernatural diplomatic relations are disrupted. But, by humble and contrite prayers during the holy sacrifice, the sinner can merit for himself the grace of repentance.

Privileged Altar

When Mass is offered for one of the departed at a "privileged altar," does that soul go directly to heaven? At any altar, is Mass for the departed offered for all departed souls or for one only?—H. McL., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Whenever Mass is celebrated in behalf of the departed, the benefit of the Mass is applied to one or more souls in purgatory, according to the intention of the celebrant. The intention of the celebrant is specified by the donor of the Mass stipend. When a Mass is offered at a privileged altar, the celebrant may apply a plenary indulgence in favor of one

of the souls for whom the Mass is offered. Since we have no way of knowing whether Divine Providence has deigned to apply that indulgence in its fullness, we should not discontinue further suffrages.

"JW's"

Some information, please, on the Jehovah Witnesses, who claim they alone have the true gospels. Am trying to help a friend of mine.—A. W., RED CREEK, N. Y.

The JW's would like to identify themselves with Adam's son, Abel, and all subsequent witnesses to the Almighty, of Old and New Testament times. However, they were unheard of until toward the end of the last century, when organized by Pastor Russell, a self-appointed prophet, and his successor, the self-styled Judge Rutherford. They have become notorious for garbling the scriptures; their ignorance is matched only by their fanaticism. Samples of their gratuitous, unproven claims: Christ did not put Satan out of heaven until the year 1914; only 144,000 souls will have merited heaven. According to the laws of orderly argument, anyone who advances an assertion thereby shoulders the burden of proof. JW's assert, but never prove. Advise your friend that she will make the mistake of her life to argue with JW's or even to listen.

Celtic

What is understood by the Celtic rite and Celtic cross?—J. M., ANSONIA, CONN.

The term "rite" means religious observance. A rite is the sum total of the prayers and ceremonies employed in official acts of worship. Some features of a rite are essential, others are accidental only. For example, the matter and form of the sacraments are unchanged and unchangeable, but the language of the form has undergone change here and there, from time to time. Essential features of a rite are of divine origin; accidental features of ecclesiastical origin.

The Celtic rite was one of the family of Gallican rites and was observed by the early Christians among the British, Scotch, and Irish, until the twelfth century. Its language was Latin. In all probability, the Church at Rome adopted from the Celtic rite the custom of lighting the new fire on Holy Saturday. The Celtic cross is an ancient symbol of the crucifixion, characterized by a circle around the juncture of the crossbeams. Nowadays, the Celtic cross is often to be seen atop church roofs and steeples.

"Holier Than Thou"

Our godchild, a niece, is about to marry a non-Catholic who refuses to sign any promises. We are now in the thick of a debate with in-laws and others as to whether or not we may attend the wedding.—J. V., CHICAGO, ILL.

As a godparent, you have kept your promise to your niece's dying father and have done your utmost to prevent this impending tragedy. Any such case is very delicate. At times, it would tax the wits of a Solomon where to draw the line in registering disapproval. Your niece's mother rates you as a "holier-than-thou" Catholic for threatening to boycott the wedding. Under the circumstances, the epithet is a compliment to you. Were you no different, you would be no better! She and her daughter and some of the in-laws need psychological "shock treatment." In a case of this kind, no Catholic can play neutral. To attend the wedding ceremony or reception would be very disedifying and equally scandalous. In the spirit of your sacramental Confirmation as members of the Church Militant, "stand by your guns!"

NO MATTER WHAT the psychologists say, *I* like to think that I have an open mind. Biased and retarded, maybe, but open. (That is, subject to sudden change overnight.) Yet, have you ever noticed how the psychologists, when this switcheroo takes place in a *female* mind, just shrug it off as a "woman's privilege"? Don't give us any credit at all for being so . . . well, so reversible? Instead, they just shrug their shoulders, throw up their hands, and mutter things like "wouldn't you know?" and "Oh, brother!" and other unscientific terms. Even husbands sometimes pick up this deplorable lingo.

Me, though, I like to use words like "open" . . . "flexible" . . . "receptive" . . . "delightfully unpredictable" . . . "not hidebound."

For instance, I may say things like "I wouldn't be caught *dead* in a knee-length sack dress" or "You couldn't *hire* me to eat lamb kidneys" or "I'd never entertain Molotov in *my* living room." I even speak in italics—so strongly do I feel—and yet, so delightfully flexible is my mind, I just *might* break down some day on all three scores. (Actually, now I think it over, those aren't really very good examples. Maybe you'd better just forget them?) Perhaps a better and more concrete example of a laudable change of heart would be . . . well, you might take that essay I once wrote about gardening. I didn't exactly say that gardening was for the birds, but I did imply that the birds could have it if they wanted.

Certainly, there was nothing in the chemistry of the soil that called out to my chemistry. *Au contraire*, I had long since concluded that I was the original Kiss O' Death Rosie as far as all plant life was concerned: that I either had an absolutely lethal touch or (more logical) the plants just naturally preferred death, and as speedily as possible, to living with me. With one lone exception (an unattractive but virtually indestructible plant called Mother-in-Law's Tongue), all forms of green life—once they were carried over my threshold—immediately exhibited this neurotic will-to-die compulsion.

Now I didn't mention all this in my original essay (too touchy a point with me), but you can see for yourself why I built up my defenses. That is, you can take just so much rejection and no more and, in this particular instance, I soon began to feel hostile toward the plants themselves. If they didn't *want* to live, I certainly wasn't going to sit up nights coddling the little beggars: pleading that life *could* be beautiful, *was* worth the candle, and that nihilism was a highly decadent philosophy.

And then one fine day, Mother's Day of 1957 to be exact, I received three

*I feel tender
toward my retarded
garden. Can it help
it if gophers
munch nasturtiums?*



ONE NASTURTIUM

This business of counting one's flowers can be very salutary for the soul. How can Pride get the upper hand in a garden with one (1) nasturtium?

by LUCILE HASLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS

potted geraniums, all gloriously swathed in crinkly tinfoil, for the sun porch. When they didn't, like their predecessors, wither and die within the week, I began to do a double-take. What was wrong? Was it possible that these geraniums really *liked* me?

It was a very giddy sensation, believe me. Quite went to my head. Maybe, I thought in my giddiness, I might even extend my green thumb prowess to the back yard? Sort of surprise my know-it-all neighbor next door? Have her look out her kitchen window one fine morning and be literally blinded by the riot of color I had wrought?

It also occurred to me that it might be very pleasant to saunter out in one's own garden, a straw basket over one's arm, clipping shears in hand, and gather a dew-drenched bouquet. (Never once had my neighbor urged me to pick her flowers, no matter how lavish my praise.) Too, I was possibly swayed by my fondness for British writers, all of whom—according to their personal journals—puttered happily around in (or at?) the

"bottoms" of their gardens. (Have never looked up this expression, but I presume it means the rear end of your lot? In my case, this would mean where the incinerator and alley meet.) Anyhow, I was always coming around casual little observations like "A kingfisher haunts the stream that runs through the bottom of my garden" and, although birdwatching always left me cold, it certainly conjured up a pretty picture. Personally, I don't know *anyone* with a stream running through their back yard. All that runs through mine is a stream of neighborhood kids, playing touch football.

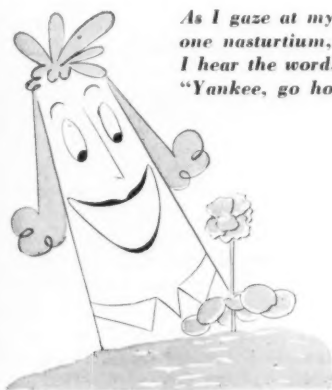
But let us return, however reluctantly, to the American scene and stay there.

My approach to gardening can best be described as "furtive." To me, there seemed something faintly disreputable about a grown woman planting her first nasturtium seed at an age when she *should* be crossbreeding gardenias or something. It wasn't at all the same thing as the middle-aged women (the newspaper accounts of which left me

steeped in admiration) who suddenly took up skin-diving, ran for Congress, or returned to high school to graduate with their grandchildren. *That* was inspiring. *This* was ridiculous. I mean, it was sort of like a woman—after twenty years of housekeeping—suddenly deciding to learn how to make French toast.

Hence, I contented myself with a few discreet queries of my most intimate friends. What flowers were absolutely foolproof? Could you really trust those colored packages of seeds that the Boy Scouts sold? How did you know when the last frost was over? Did the seeds need any special nourishment to get going?

A seed was a seed, said my friends. All it needed, under God's providence, was sun and rain. "And be sure to keep stripping the flower beds," they added.



*As I gaze at my
one nasturtium,
I hear the words:
"Yankee, go home"*

"Especially the nasturtiums. They multiply faster that way."

They were much more explicit, though, about the *etiquette* of gardening. The sporting thing to do, they said, was to start from scratch; not buy any fledgling plants at the city market. However, it was quite acceptable—indeed, I gathered it was something like exchanging autographs in a school memory book—to receive shoots and bulbs from your friends and relatives. *Then* you had something to talk about when you conducted a guided tour around your yard. Like: "See that snowball bush over in the corner? Aunt Etta gave me a shoot off her bush—oh, it must've been ten years ago when I visited her in Sandusky—and just look at it now. It was touch and go, though, that first year. Real sickly. Then, it just seemed to catch hold. . . ."

This, then, seemed the essence of a *real* garden—memories, tradition, crucial illnesses, loving care—and it occurred to me that I, with my little fifteen-cent packages of seed, had a long row ahead

of me. I mean, how did you get people to crash through with their donations? Should I send out gilt-edged invitations: "Mrs. Hasley, who has now taken up gardening, will receive donations from 3 to 6 next Sunday"?

I didn't mind the initial spadework at all. It was even quite pleasant, what with the two big shade trees protecting me from the sun and with the cunning little gophers to keep me entertained. They, the gophers, were really *so* cute the way they'd squat back on their haunches, arms folded, and look me coolly in the eye. At first, I couldn't decide whether it was a look of cool admiration (after all, I *was* breaking virgin ground) or a look of cool contempt, but now I think . . . yes, contempt.

Anyhow, those first weeks of anticipation were really among the happiest I'd known. I even, now that I'd rejoined the human race and become a gardener, started to read *The Home Garden* column in the *Chicago Tribune*.

Goodness, I thought comfortably, the problems *other* people were having! Here was a man in Gary whose elm trees were afflicted with phloem necrosis. Here was a man in Evansville whose corn, just as the ears ripened tenderly, were stripped by the gophers. (Solution: Take tin cans, remove both ends, and place the cylinders over the ears like a suit of armor. A pretty little scene, I should think, providing you first removed the Campbell soup labels: shining knights riding off to the crusades.)

And while none of these problems were mine (indeed, I had none), I *could* join the spirited and even passionate controversy over our proposed national flower. Yeah, how *dare* that Senator So-And-So propose the lowly corn tassel! It was unthinkable, with or without tin cans. And yet the rose, everyone's favorite by a sweeping majority, had already been selected by England. Did we dare, especially after the Suez Canal flare-up, create an international crisis by . . . ?

My head swimming from the various problems and decisions that faced us gardeners, I would then saunter out, master of the estate, to inspect the progress. Amazing! Man, that green fuzz was really coming along! It was even coming up in the children's abandoned sandbox.

Finally, after morning and night feedings, I felt that it (the green fuzz) was ready for transplanting. Carefully, and with all the skill of a laboratory technician, I replanted the fragile blobs of green life according to directions. Such as: "Petunias must be planted far apart for they are a leafy plant that spreads rapidly."

They do? Mine grew tall, skinny,

spindly. My score in the nasturtium bee, and I will swear this before a notary public, is one (1) blossom. The zinnias along the fence have done somewhat better (and so they should, if they have any pride at all, being Indiana's state flower), but it would be more effective, I think, if they bloomed at the same time. Not just one by one.

"I think you've done real well," says my neighbor. "Everything looks real *tidy*. But if you want to raise flowers, you'll have to chop down those shade trees and kill the gophers."

And I, like Barbara Fritchie, say NEVER. There shall be no mayhem in *my* garden. Indeed, I would no more pick one of my poor blossoms (the question of gathering a bouquet does not arise) than I would behead one of my own children. Rather, to tell the truth, I feel quite tender toward my retarded garden. Can *it* help it that, two inches below the surface, there spreads a vast labyrinth of twisted tree roots, studded with young boulders, where dozens of cool-eyed gophers run up and down the corridors, munching nasturtiums? You'd be retarded, too.

Besides, I tell myself, masses of flowers can be so confusing, even rather vulgar, as versus a shy and delicate blossom standing out all by itself. Now you take the Japanese, and they're a really artistic race, with their floral arrangements: the loving appreciation of a lotus blossom, a twisted root, a single branch of pear blossoms. That is, the true nature lover—like the poet with his "O, flower in the crannied wall"—can read more meaning into a single and isolated miracle. And as I gaze at my one embattled nasturtium, the meaning I read is this: "Yankee, go home. Quit annoying the natives. The gophers got here first."

But I tried; you can't say I didn't try. Indeed, you might put me in the same category as the two-year-old boy (described in one of G. B. Stern's books) who was awarded a prize, by his elders, because "he ran valiantly and *in the right direction*." Which is lots better, of course, than running ever so swiftly in the wrong direction. . . .

And even though I ended up with a very tidy, and highly Oriental, garden that perhaps wouldn't appeal to everyone, I must say that it's very conducive to holy meditation. That is, this business of *counting* one's flowers—much as saying one's rosary—can be very salutary for one's soul. It's very difficult for Pride to get the upper hand in a garden with one (1) nasturtium.

LUCILE HASLEY, author of *Reproachfully Yours* and *The Mouse Hunter*, has written articles and fiction for many Catholic and secular magazines.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE MEDDLESOME FRIAR AND THE WAYWARD POPE

By Michael de la Bedoyere. 256 pages.
Hanover House. \$4.00



M. de la Bedoyere

In Italy of the fifteenth century two very remarkable men came into deadly conflict. One was a good man, Savonarola, a Dominican Friar, driven by zeal for God's honor and carried away by his own eloquence into excess. The other is known to history as a bad man, Pope Alexander VI, anxious to uphold his authority and to vindicate the rights of the Church. The motives that prompted Savonarola were his intense charity and hatred of sin. He became blinded by his excessive zeal and stubbornly refused to bow to lawful authority. The motives that prompted Alexander were his excessive love of his own children and his clear-sighted realization that the authority of the Church, embodied in him as Pope and Vicar of Christ, must be free from political domination by secular princes and must be independent of the judgment of those subject to it. In the conflict between the two men, Savonarola, the holy man, was violently unkind in his judgment of Alexander; and Alexander, the admitted sinner, was thoughtful and even gentle in his care for Savonarola. But the stubborn zeal of the saint would not yield to the gentle force of authority and Savonarola went to his execution, a discredited prophet, while Alexander lived out his reign, triumphant in the end over the enemies of the Church.

The two men have been variously judged by historians, but from the vantage point of time we can evaluate their lives and works more reasonably than their contemporaries, partisan and enemy. The author has made a very careful study of the character of the two men, has searched and weighed the authorities critically, and has written a fascinating account of their lives and the impact they had on each other and the contemporary world.

Savonarola has been called a forerunner of the Reformation, yet his outlook and aim were entirely alien to those of Luther and Calvin. This man began his work as a true reformer, attacking sin and the works of sin. But

he did not attack the church structure.

The character of Alexander VI has been distorted by history. "He was not a monster nor a man of unbridled licentiousness." He was faithful to his office and to his duty to uphold the continuity of the authority of St. Peter. For this reason he was forced to act against Savonarola who would have destroyed that continuity.

It is sad to see a good man destroyed by his own zeal but it is far more important to see the man who takes the place of God accomplishing his duty. This is how it must be if God is to control the history of men. If the good man is on the wrong side and the bad man upholds the right, then the right must prevail.

PETER QUINN, C. P.

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PIUS XI: THE POPE AND THE MAN

By Zsolt Aradi.
Doubleday.

262 pages.
\$4.50



Zsolt Aradi

Pius XI emerges in this readable biography as a man of vision whose labors, ended in time, will yet reach far into the future. Born Achille Ratti in 1857, in the little village of Desio in the mountains near Milan, the son of a silk weaver, he entered the seminary in 1867 and finished his studies at the age of twenty. Too young for ordination, he was advised to fill in the time by going to Rome to continue the study of theology. Three years later, in 1879, he was ordained and began his priestly work, in the parish of Barni which he knew well from his childhood. At the age of twenty-five, he became Professor of Sacred Eloquence and Theology at the Grand Seminary in Milan. His scholarship and passion for research led next to his appointment as Librarian of the Ambrosiana Library. Honors came quickly thereafter—Prefect of the Vatican Library, Protonotary Apostolic, Papal Nuncio to Poland, Cardinal, and in 1922, Pope Pius XI.

One has only to remark the span of his life—1857-1939—to realize the world-shattering and world-shaping events with which he was necessarily identified. He lived through the turbulent times of the Risorgimento in Italy; the cataclysmic upheaval of the first world war; he matched wits with Mussolini, Hitler, and their ilk. His achievements, too numerous to mention here, include the Lateran Treaty which established the present Vatican City—perhaps the most far-reaching event of his pontificate; he established the Vatican Radio and gave new life to the Vatican Press. Everywhere he encouraged scholarship and intellectual movements in the Church, and his many Encyclicals reached out to every phase of Catholic thought and life.

From childhood, he had learned that "life is action." Not only as Pope but all through his life, he lived up to this belief. When he died in 1939, the world was already entering the shadow of a global war. In the urgency of those times, the stature of this great Pope could not be fully measured. After

twenty years, the full implications of his life and work are more clearly seen. Overshadowed, perhaps, by his holy predecessor St. Pius X, and perhaps not as warmly endearing as his successor Pius XII, he was nevertheless a great ruler of the Kingdom of God who has left his very definite stamp on the history of the world as well as of the Church.

FORTUNATA CALIRI.

INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY

By John Gunther.
Harper.

550 pages.
\$5.95



John Gunther

As the author warns us in his foreword, "Russia is never easy to write about." This is a land with a great cultural and historical past and perhaps with a great future. But it is also a land of many evils, with which co-existence is no easy matter. There are also *inside* Russia many practical fulfillments and scientific achievements, as has become obvious with the Sputniks. Are these results merely due to the totalitarian regime, or are they rooted in good earth? We cannot help asking ourselves these questions, as we follow Mr. Gunther through the immensities of Russia. It would be far too simple to answer "yes" or "no." It is perhaps wiser, though more wearisome, to go along with Mr. Gunther on his journey: from Kiev, Leningrad, Moscow—to the Black Sea, the Caucasus, and Central Asia. The author gives some very vivid and accurate pictures of the main Russian cities and areas he visited and what he found most typical in each of them. He offers us a most valid psychological and political analysis of top Soviet leaders, especially of party-boss Khrushchev. Best of all, however, Mr. Gunther speaks of what he calls "the social pattern" of inside Russia today. This is the pattern of a "new class" and of a "new look" (post Stalin), which, though retaining many of the old sins, still seems to have got rid of some of them. There are spiritual and cultural "convulsions," which prove the vitality of the Russian people and at the same time create all the paradoxes and contrasts John Gunther has brought out in his book. For every student of present-day Russia, this is an invaluable handbook.

HELENE ISWOLSKY.

JUSTICE REED AND THE FIRST AMENDMENT

By F. William O'Brien, S.J. 264 pages.
Georgetown Univ. \$5.00

No more violently debated or diversely interpreted sections of the Federal Constitution exist than the religion clauses of the First Amendment. Father O'Brien,

a member of Georgetown University's government faculty, has tackled the task of gathering, analyzing, and criticizing the Supreme Court decisions in point. In doing so, however, he has employed the constitutional philosophy of former Justice Stanley F. Reed as his survey location.

It was Mr. Justice Reed's dissent in the McCollum released time case which pointed up the abrupt departure from historical precedent made by the high court in its majority decision. That the Supreme Court found it necessary to retreat from this extremist interpretation in a later case (Zorach) is adequate testimony to Reed's grasp of practicalities as well as his legal capabilities. Reed simply refused to do what his colleagues were hoodwinked into doing—substituting a rigidly semantic "separation of church and state" phrase for the actual language of the religion clauses.

Father O'Brien's study of the "free exercise clause" is much more difficult reading than his discussion of the "establishment" clause. This can be accounted for by the shifting tactics of the court itself as well as by the exhaustive inspection and evaluation provided by the author. Father O'Brien claims for Reed a pattern of consistency as well as a spirit of judicial restraint. For him, Reed is not the liberal dragon turned conservative bovine pictured by his critics, but a jurist with an undiminished regard for the theory of federalism.

A first-rate job of scholarship, this invaluable study provides a rare survey of first amendment legal philosophy as well as a spirited defense of a much maligned judge. It should receive top priority from those concerned with the widespread attempt to warp the First Amendment and fashion it into a tool to secularize and de-Christianize a nation whose founders never considered it un-American to recognize the place of religion in our basic make-up.

FRANCIS X. GALLAGHER.

OUR LADY OF BEAURAING

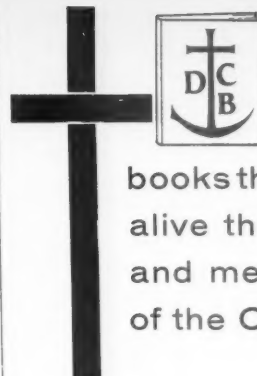
By Don Sharkey & Rev. Joseph Debergh, O.M.I.

Doubleday. 237 pages. \$3.75

This is the first full-length book in English on the thirty-three apparitions of Our Lady at Beauraing in 1932, recognized by the Church in 1949.

Beauraing, a small town "that people went through in order to get somewhere else," is in the Walloon part of Belgium and means "beautiful branch." It was beneath the branch of a hawthorne tree in a convent garden that most of the apparitions occurred.

One wintry evening in November, Our Lady made her first appearance to the Voisin and Degeimbre children as they stood on the path of the Academy.



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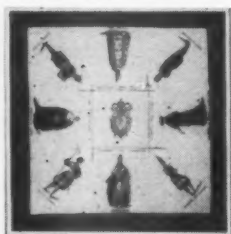
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The news quickly spread. Thousands came each night thereafter to see the children as they knelt, reciting prayers in high-pitched voices that returned to normal tones when the apparition had gone. This and the fact that all five were simultaneously flung to their knees without injury were all the crowd could observe.

Thorough documentation was possible from the start of events. A practicing attorney of Beauraing was able to cross-examine the children. Doctors, numbering fifty at times, examined the children after each apparition.

This does not mean that they were immediately accepted as genuine. Mother Theophile, Superior, spoke of "these illusions" and "this comedy." Father Lambert, pastor, maintained a prudent reserve. The Church remained aloof, considering the possibilities of childish imagination, hysteria, diabolical intervention. The Voisins and Degeimbres were ashamed and distraught. The press was scornful. The children suffered terribly, but even as at Lourdes and Fatima, they maintained their balance, courage, and humility.

The message of Beauraing, in harmony with Lourdes and Fatima, is yet more sweeping. "I will convert sinners." While Mary's Universal Mediation is not defined doctrine, Beauraing has, no doubt, added confirmation to the widespread belief.

ANNE CYR.

AL SMITH AND HIS AMERICA

By Oscar Handlin. 207 pages.
Little, Brown. \$3.50

Of all the major political figures of the country since Abraham Lincoln, few have been as worthy of detailed study as Al Smith. It is good to have this terse, sympathetic portrait of the Happy Warrior by the Harvard historian and Pulitzer Prize winner, Oscar Handlin. For here is a true "look at the record" of the man who made the phrase famous and who was never seduced by extraneous influences into compromises with principle.

In a time when rugged individualism was often interpreted in a ruthless, every-man-for-himself philosophy, Al Smith's clear understanding of the rights of the individual and the responsibilities of government was unusual. Moreover, the abilities of this grandson of an Irish immigrant who was virtually self-taught were recognized by an ever-widening circle.

In the ten years that he was Governor of the State of New York, he became nationally known for his magnificent administration. The battles he fought and won were battles over power and education and social justice. He helped make the State an instrument to serve the welfare of its citizens. All this, Mr.

Handlin shows clearly and with fascinating detail, as he recounts the story of Al Smith against the background of his East Side boyhood, unfolds the facets of his brilliant career, and demonstrates his marvelous understanding of the nature and purpose of government.

More than that, however, Mr. Handlin tells Al Smith's story against the backdrop of America, "the promised land, the society of open opportunity, where every man, whatever his background or origin, could move to the place to which ability entitled him."

It is Mr. Handlin's contention that artificial barriers to opportunity were being raised in the twentieth century, in contravention of earlier ideals.

Al Smith was a victim of a dark chapter in American history when America refused to meet the challenge he posed: "Can a Catholic become president of the United States?"

Thus, history concludes, only three decades later, that Al Smith's defeat for presidency in 1928 was a result of the forces of bigotry and prejudice which were marshaled against him.

Most disturbing of all, in this excellent narrative, is the question the author asks: "Was the American dream smothered only in the twenties, or was Al Smith's defeat final? . . . From his downfall, millions of his countrymen concluded it had only been a dream. . . . And more than a decade after Al Smith's death, it is still a question whether they had truly or erroneously read the lesson of his tragedy."

IRENE CORBALLY KUHN.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE MODERN WORLD

By E. E. Y. Hales. 312 pages.
Doubleday. \$4.50

E. E. Y. Hales is by profession an employee of the British Ministry of Education and by avocation a specialist in nineteenth-century history. Author of *Pio Nino* and *Mazzini and the Secret Societies*, Mr. Hales here turns his attention to the role of the Catholic Church in western society since the time of the French Revolution.

His success in handling this complex theme may be judged by the fact that his book is not a dusty and turgid dissertation but a compact and readable, even at times almost fascinating, narrative. The author's handling of the Catholic, and especially the Papal, position is always sympathetic and understanding, though not uncritical. He remarks, for example, that Pope Gregory XVI's handling of the Polish revolt against Czar Nicholas I "gave scandal to many men of good will both in Europe and America" and implies that it was of doubtful statesmanship.

Some readers may feel that Hales places too much emphasis upon the

importance of French Catholicism and the French clergy in recent times. In general, however, *The Catholic Church in Modern History* is a well-written and interesting study which should be read by every educated American Catholic.

H. L. ROFINOT.

BEYOND MY WORTH

By Lillian Roth,
Fell.

317 pages.
\$3.95



Lillian Roth

It is probably hardly necessary to say that the last book under Miss Roth's signature was *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, the story of the popular singer's reclamation from alcoholism. Well, this new book is: *Tomorrow*: at times an almost maudlin reprise on Arthur Hugh Clough's, "Say not the struggle naught availeth." The earlier book, even in collaboration, had a certain integrity; it told a story. Now the collaborator, with very little to work upon, since Miss Roth has reached a certain measure of security and success—"my pay went up . . . a week . . . finally to twelve thousand"—has concocted a mish-mash of agonizing over hurts with O, such bravery; and heaven's help coming like the U.S. Marines to the rescue.

Catholic readers of the elder book who may have found a personally friendly glow in Miss Roth's conversion may be disturbed by her insistence in this that she cannot "accept completely all man-made laws or dogma" (sic) (of the Church). But this may be the over-zealousness of Floyd Miller, the collaborator, in trying to interpret casual remarks of Miss Roth's. For again, while she tells of her closeness and devotion to "The Little Sisters of the Poor," it would seem that it is the Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor she means.

In the broadest sense the book is mushily evangelistic, with its religiosity of the "Man Upstairs" type. Narrowly, it is a rather tawdry effort to milk a sentimentally sympathetic public dry. In this ghostwriting it is not the ectoplasm but the sheet that shows.

DORAN HURLEY.

ART IN CRISIS

By Hans Sedlmayr.
Regnery.

266 pages.
\$6.50

This challenging book by the Professor of Art at the University of Munich should provoke stirring debate. The publisher states that it was hailed as "the most profound analysis of Western culture since Spengler's *Decline of the West*." It was a best seller in Germany and has been printed in several languages. It is the author's thesis that

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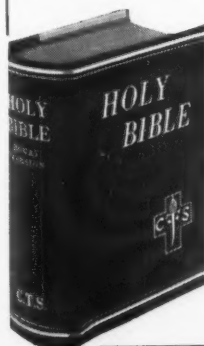
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Sub-titled "The Lost Center," the author's diagnosis is that the maladies of the spirit afflicting our age stem from the disrupted relationship between God and Man. Autonomous Man has attempted to produce autonomous art, and the result has been progressive disintegration of the composite art work. Professor Sedlmayr stresses the changes in architecture particularly. He cites parallel effects in painting and less in sculpture. His strictures can be equally applied to the other fine arts, especially tendencies in modern poetry. The 49 illustrations in the book vividly illuminate the text.

It is a frightening book in its revelation of the hidden motivating forces which are explored, all tending to the degradation of man. You do not have to be an art expert to grasp the significance of the theme. The book is packed with stimulating observations and buttressed with glittering quotations. Surprisingly, there is no reference to Jacques Maritain, whose *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry* would make pertinent collateral reading.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

PROSPERITY THROUGH COMPETITION

By Ludwig Erhard. 260 pages.
Praeger. \$5.00

Here is the story of Germany's "economic miracle," told with justifiable satisfaction by its principal architect, Vice-Chancellor and Minister of Economics, Ludwig Erhard. And "miracle" is not too strong a term to use for the amazing transformation of the bomb-wrecked, hungry, industrially prostrated Germany of twelve years ago into the highly productive, hardworking, increasingly prosperous Germany of today.

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"In my life," writes Mr. Erhard, "I have repeatedly found that freedom, and, above all, courage for freedom, have always been worthwhile."

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The author impartially warns businessmen and trade-union leaders not to upset the applecart by trying to take more out of the economy than they put in—an admonition that might well be taken to heart by the same groups in the United States. He recognizes both the advantages and the limitations of the European Common Market and puts his finger on the main weakness of the scheme in the following perceptive comment:

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By Helga Sandburg. 396 pages.
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"You are mistaken," the Cardinal retorted. "To me both are merely different expressions of the same divine exactness."

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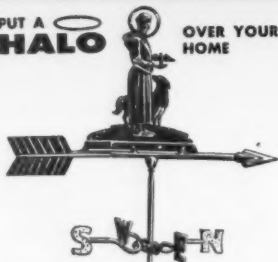
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of tribulation follow, including a new lapse with a son of the soil.

The novel contains enough data on animal husbandry to provide a do-it-yourself course for an apprentice veterinarian. Its several subplots dwell on perversion, incest, melancholia, bigotry, and 57 varieties of brutality.

One of *The Wheel of Earth's* most questionable aspects is that the Gaddys are, rather unnecessarily for the plot, made Roman Catholic. From supernatural interpretation to everyday terms, Miss Sandburg just doesn't make this phase of their lives believable.

It is a pity that a first novel by a Sandburg should be so unpleasant. However, its style is lucid and the descriptions of countryside fine. The story, for all its glumness, moves quickly. These are reasons to believe that a future novel on different subject matter might be well worth reading.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

SOVIET PROGRESS VS. AMERICAN ENTERPRISE

Confidential Briefing Papers.

Doubleday. 126 pages. \$2.00

This is probably the most chilling and challenging book which will be published this year. It is terrifying because it exposes, authoritatively and unequivocally, the juxtaposition of Soviet progress (present and potential) in relation to American enterprise (now and in prospect). It is challenging because it offers reasoned and factual data to support a cautious optimism, provided only that Americans are resolute enough to match capabilities and resources with performance.

Actually this is a collection of confidential briefing papers delivered in Washington at an off-the-record session of the fifteenth anniversary meeting of the Committee for Economic Development. (CED is a group of 150 top level American businessmen and scholars.) The papers were delivered so recently as last November 21 and have now been declassified to permit publication. The revelations presented here are impressed in the temperate language associated with men of seasoned judgment, yet, to paraphrase a recently retired Cabinet officer: "There is here material to make your hair curl."

It all adds up to irrefutable evidence that America is engaged in a death struggle for survival against a godless ideology as dynamic as it is ruthless. There is here a call to arms at all levels: military, diplomatic, political, and economic. And it is at the latter level that the danger looms greatest. Successful economic penetration of the world's uncommitted areas could bring bloodless victory to Moscow; this is the judgment of the experts. The book

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is both a warning and an invitation; it should be read by all serious-minded Americans.

LAFAYETTE L. MARCHAND.

SHORT NOTICES

UNION IN MARITAL LOVE. By Rev. Marc Oraison, S.T.D., M.D. 129 pages. Macmillan. \$3.00. In marriage, flesh and spirit meet; it is well then that Father Oraison approaches the subject of this book on two planes—the physiological and the spiritual—and achieves a synthesis that will add to the understanding of any serious student of marriage. As a doctor and a theologian, Father Oraison is well equipped to develop the notion of sex as a function of love, avoiding both a false mysticism of marriage and the reprehensible reduction of love to mere physical terms. The result is a book that is provocative of fruitful meditation for priest, doctor, marriage counselor, or a serious-minded layman seeking a deeper understanding of marriage. A good book to take along on a family retreat.

A SAINT A DAY. By Berchmans Bittle. 356 pages. Bruce. \$5.00. Father Bittle's stated aim in *A Saint a Day* is to present "the framework of the life of each

day's saint" according to the liturgical calendar. Running from January first through December, the book has 366 gems of biography, and backgrounds as varied as the catacombs, Uganda, Tyburn Tree, and Peru. It also describes wide varieties of holiness.

There is skill in Father Bittle's narration. The story of an Apostle or of St. Joan of Arc is made new in the retelling. Sketches of lesser known saints and *beati* invite further investigation.

A Saint a Day is stimulating and inspiring. The style is taut, dramatic, and clear. It is a fine piece of printing, with wide margins and a particularly attractive type and format.

MY CATHOLIC FAITH. By Most Rev. Louis L. Morrow, S.T.D. My Mission House, Wisconsin. 430 pages. \$4.00. Every Catholic home should have a handy book of information on Catholic beliefs and practices. This completely revised edition of the ever popular catechism of Bishop Morrow admirably fulfills this purpose. It is rightly called the layman's Manual of Theology. Attractive layout, abundant drawings for illustrations, clear-cut explanations of doctrinal statements, up-to-date information on the Eucharistic Fast, new Holy Week regulations, apt advice on how to assist the dying, clarifying statements on matrimonial impediments, advice on how to attain spiritual perfection, and many other features all combine to make this volume a minor encyclopedia of religious information for the Catholic home. Parents and children will surely find it helpful and inspirational.

MELODY IN YOUR HEARTS. Ed. by George L. Kane. 173 pages. Newman. \$3.00. The thirteen Sisters who contributed to Father Kane's earlier volume, *Why I Entered the Convent*, here tell why they are still there and what they have done there all these years. The "why" is the same for all thirteen and provides the sustaining theme that gives the book unity. The "what" varies: there are teachers, nurses, social workers, missionaries, foreign and domestic. Many people think that "all nuns are alike"; that once the convent doors close upon them they lose all individuality and their personalities assume the same severity and monotony that appear in the habits they are clothed in. Nothing could be further from the truth. If it were true, this book would be unreadable. Each one of these nuns is a distinct individual; there are no two alike even though they are so alike in the one thing that matters most. However, clear as the melody is in their own hearts, the layman's ear is still not completely attuned to catch it all; the mystery is too great, and this is perhaps as it should be.



The Last Word

► A psychiatrist advised a timid patient to be more assertive. The henpecked husband went home, slammed the door, and addressed his wife in his best Little Caesar manner.

"From now on," he snarled, "you're taking orders from me, see? Make my supper right now. And when it's on the table, you're going up to lay out my clothes, see? And tonight I'm going out on the town—alone. And do you know who's going to dress me in my tuxedo and black tie?"

"You bet I do," was his wife's answer. "The undertaker!"

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NCCM's MARTIN WORK

(Continued from page 47)

The 'Old Guard' of lay leaders is either changing its ideas or being left behind. The idea that a mass parade down Main Street symbolizes the epitome of Catholic Action is on the way out. Instead, we are bearing down on modern techniques of organization, leadership training, group discussions, problem clinics.

"Give the average Catholic man a specific and significant job to do," Work continues, "and he gets it done quickly and well. We've asked too little of our Catholic men. We've been afraid to ask them to sacrifice. Our favorite excuse is: 'they're too busy—they haven't the time and energy.' This is nonsense.

"Look: In February, NCCM staged a leadership training session in Paterson, N. J., for diocesan councils of Catholic men in the Mid-Atlantic states. At least 100 men spent on the average two days' time a week for six weeks in preparation and 600 men registered for training sessions that ran twelve hours on a Saturday.

"As a result of the Paterson conference," Work says, "seven dioceses which were represented there scheduled their

• The dictionary is the only place where success comes before work. —Quote

• Prosperity is something we feel, fold, and send to Washington.—Peter Baird

own diocesan leadership conferences to extend the program deeper into the parishes. In other words, these men accepted the challenge."

The response to the offer to train lay leaders has been so great, in fact, that NCCM has had to set up a special department to handle the material and guides for the workshop sessions they include. Three years ago, NCCM had no leadership training at all.

What problems are blocking the "breakthrough?" Work lists these: 1) apathy on the part of many laymen; 2) "negativism" on the part of some bishops and priests; 3) lack of a realistic knowledge of the issues of our times and the role the Catholic laymen can play in their solution; 4) snobbish disinterestedness of our so-called college intellectuals in the lay organizations of their parish and diocese; and 5) the failure of lay groups to modernize so as to attract new blood—particularly young men with education and ideas.

Work has no simple solution to the problem of attracting more crew cuts than bald and gray heads to Catholic men's audiences. But he is sure that meetings these days must offer something

more lasting than casual beer-and-pretzel get-togethers. He notes, for example, that the groups which hold efficiently run luncheons—and offer a stimulating speaker and a simple, specific program of action—are by and large doing much better in attendance than the old fashioned fraternal and recreational organizations.

As for the elusive Catholic intellectual, Work and his thirty-five man staff (four of whom are in New York City) hope to bring him out of his ivory tower and into direct contact with the mass movement of Catholic organizations at the grass roots. They realize this is anything but an easy proposition, but they feel it would be "good for the intellectuals and good for the average guy—and good for the Church."

Work believes that many of the above problems can be solved only by co-ordinated and united action—the very function that NCCM serves. He sees it as a "kind of national academy of science of the lay apostolate among men."

He adds: "We've made a great deal of progress in the relatively short period of thirty-eight years, most of it in the last six years. With the grace of God, each day is bringing us closer to the time when we'll be 'zeroed-in' with our own ICBM on the secularism and materialistic atheism of the age."

But at the same time he stresses that many Catholic men's organizations must undergo a "total reformation" if they are to make themselves felt in the lay apostolate. He explains: "A parish society that functions solely for the personal sanctification of its members—important as that is—is not meeting the full requirements of either the parish or the community. We need saints—but saints with an apostolic itch.

"NCCM is not only trying to create that itch but to put it to work in an intelligent, practical way. How? Well, it won't be done merely by drowning the country with slick publications, no matter what's in them. If the man who gets them doesn't do something about it, you might as well throw them down the gutter. And he won't do anything about it unless the fire is burning inside him. He has to so love God that the material on the lay apostolate he gets from us comes alive and shows him a way to demonstrate his love by action."

Work points to NCCM's national board of directors as proof that the message is taking hold. The board is headed by President David MacMullen, a juvenile court judge of St. Louis, and made up of a blend of lawyers, utility presidents, and businessmen. They have risen to the national level from the diocese and every one of them was once president of a parish society.

"There are more like them all over the country waiting for future opportunities and challenge," he says.

Letters

ARABS AND ISRAEL

The editorial "Arabs and Israel" was excellent. Had the lands been fairly purchased from their Arab owners, that would have been right. But the seizure was an act of high-handed robbery, and the support of this by our Government is also a wrong. And it is a blunder that will earn us the enmity of all Mohammedans. . . .

EZRA BRUMBACH

PARMA, IDAHO

Congratulations on an excellent editorial "Arabs and Israel" in the April issue of THE SIGN.

GARLAND EVANS HOPKINS
SECRETARY GENERAL
CONTINUING COMMITTEE ON
MUSLIM-CHRISTIAN CO-OPERATION,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Your editorial on the Arabs and Israel in the April issue of THE SIGN is the best I have ever read on the subject. It is such a pleasure to read the truth of the matter once in a while. I admire your gumption to call a spade a spade and let the chips fall where they may. I only wish that more editors of both magazines and newspapers were like you.

JULIA SHAEHEEN

HARTFORD, CONN.

Because I am an American Catholic married to a Christian Arab, your courageous April editorial "Arabs and Israel" made me stand up and cheer! It would seem that Zionist propaganda is ultimately sowing the seeds of its own destruction.

MRS. AZIZ S. SAHWELL

NEW YORK, N. Y.

A salute to your article "Arabs and Israel." Where did you get such courage? There can be no other answer—but few will articulate it.

ESTELLE SPUREK

NO. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Your full-page editorial "Arabs and Israel" (April) is a difficult essay to reason about, so many contradictory things are heaped together, all against Israel. . . .

The 1948 UN decision, stealing away three-fourths of the Jewish patrimony, was accepted by the Israelis. But if you don't choose to remember, I am sure every decent American Catholic layman remembers the Arab invasion of Israel, the burnings, the murders, the mutilations of Jewish bodies and desecration of Jewish and Christian holy places by the Moslems. . . .

DR. N. MORTON FYBISH

NEW YORK, N. Y.

TEN-FIVE-THREE-ONE

Please cancel my subscription to THE SIGN. The publication is far too nebulous, windy, and wordy for my taste. It seems

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as though it takes you ten paragraphs to say what a good magazine might say in five, what a good writer might say in three, and what the Bible could say in one.

IRENE BORIS

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

COLUMBIAN SQUIRES

I have been privileged to work with the Columbian Squires for the past three years. Being close to the program, I appreciate your Picture Story in the April issue of THE SIGN.

There has been so much said about juvenile delinquents. I think most of our youth have been greatly affected by it. An article pointing out good things about them was most welcome. Thank you for a fine story.

CHUCKIE STEIN
EX-CHIEF COUNSELLOR
BELLEVUE CIRCLE 580

PITTSBURGH, PA.

MIRACLE BABY

As a student nurse, I was especially interested in your article "Miracle Baby" (April). It should be very encouraging and inspiring to women who have fears about delivering a premature baby.

I hope that you will have many more articles on the medical profession in the future that will have such a pleasant storyline effect as this one did.

PATRICIA MOLNAR

DETROIT, MICH.

WHY?

The fact that I have allowed my subscription to expire was not oversight, but intentional. As you put it, "the silent vote of no confidence." To make it brief but blunt, I find your editorial policy most objectionable.

A few months ago your editorial "Why Is It?" The questions you posed were such that I would expect some anti-Catholic to put to you. Your stand toward labor—WOW. I am not a "deadly enemy of organized labor." The bulk of my income is derived as a wage earner, but I certainly cannot accept your views toward labor. As for Walter Reuther, in spite of what you may write, I do not believe the sun rises and sets on him. . . .

My objections, I'm sure, are not new to you. Certainly you should be allowed to write what you believe and I'm sure some people will read it.

LLOYD GUZER

WHITING, IND.

OUT OF THE SHADOWS

Congratulations on your salute to Mr. Emil Frei in the April issue of "People of the Month."

One of those young artists in whom Mr. Frei places his "great hope" is surely the young man working quietly in the shadows (see page 38). He is Brother Melvin Meyer, S.M., art teacher from McBride High

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BROTHER LOUIS REILE, S.M.
Fribourg, Switzerland

FIRST THINGS FIRST

. . . I certainly would not want anything to go wrong now that I have moved back to New York. I would rather go without a meal than be without THE SIGN.

DANIEL MARKEY
New York, N. Y.

RETREATS FOR MARRIED

Regarding THE SIGN, March, 1958, pg. 58, Question: "Retreat For Married Couples," another such retreat house: Miramar Retreat House, Island Creek, Mass.

FATHER CAREW
Cambridge, Mass.

BLESSED MARTIN

Recently someone very close to me informed me of a query submitted to "The Sign Post" some time ago. The inquirer wanted to know if there is a canonized saint who had been born out of wedlock, to which Father Aloysius replied that he didn't know of any but that a person born out of wedlock should not fear that God will not give him the graces he needs.

Well, I just have to say something about it! There is indeed a canonized saint—well, he's almost canonized—who was born out of wedlock, namely, Blessed Martin de Porres.

Incidentally, Dominicans throughout the world are now praying that the one miracle which is required for Blessed Martin's canonization will take place before long.

MISS CECILIA CALDERON
Canton, Ohio.

WHEEL-CHAIR CAMPAIGN

I was greatly impressed by your article "Wheel-Chair Campaign" by Frances Ancker and Cynthia Hope (March). I am sure many people who read this article will have the same understanding in their heart for these Muscular Dystrophy patients after reading this article. We are in great need of the faith these girls have and maybe by reading their story we will find this faith in ourselves.

DOROTHY CARNEY
Detroit, Mich.

READING IN THE SUN

Enclosed is a subscription to be sent to the residents of the Rudd Taylor Memorial, a home for the aged. We, the Sophomore Class, Room 31, selected THE SIGN Magazine because of the caliber of its reports on world and home events, of the interesting and educational sketches of well-known

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figures, and of the numerous eye-catching pictures. We feel it is our duty to provide these people with wholesome literature for enjoyment. In this home there are four sun porches used for reading and entertainment. We know one will be supplied each month with a good magazine and hope in time that the other porches will be supplied with ample good Catholic material also.

DIANA POWELL

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DOG HEAVEN

The reply given the reader who queried "The Sign Post" (March, 1958) about dogs going to heaven certainly indicated an oversight on your part. The writer was obviously referring to a brief review (enclosed) of Pere Jean Gautier's book, *A Priest and His Dog* which appeared in Kenedy & Sons advertisement (October, 1957 issue).

In part, the review stated: "... Pere Gautier tells of the adventures he shared with his dog and of his ideas about dog psychology and intelligence; of a heaven for animals. ..."

Therefore, I believe you owe an apology to the reader who originally questioned you on this subject.

THE SIGN continues to remain one of my favorites.

MISS MARJORIE BALL

PARMA, OHIO.

THE PRUNED?

I went to see the movie *Peyton Place* on the statement in the February issue of THE SIGN that the Legion of Decency listed it as "morally objectionable for adults." I and many others are shocked and surprised at this listing. We thought the picture was sordid and immoral.

I didn't read the book, but your article stated "John Michael Hayes deserves credit for the pruning." I can't imagine what he pruned.

MARY A. McELROY

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

THE GHETTO CATHOLIC

Will you please let us "Baltimore Catechism Catholics" up off the couch and take a little time there yourself? If would then become simple meditation which apparently has no place in the "new look" (and you know it isn't new) that insists that Catholics get up off their knees and become a rational, militant, co-operative group of intellectual and economic giants.

If you intend to follow your analysis of us members of the ghetto with psychotherapy, bear in mind that the highest aim of treatment is not to transport the patient into an impossible state of happiness (we are angry, mad at editors, etc.) but to help him to attain the firmness and philosophical patience which will enable him to endure suffering.

The laws of God are simple and very well understood. The laws of the Church have become matters of one's own conscience. It would seem to me that the first duty of the clergy is to invoke the laws of

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You say he calls lots of things evil. Lots of things are. Some people call sin and evil disease. Maybe he doesn't like to change words like that. . . .

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CLELIE COULON

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

It was wonderful to read in "Letters" (May) the Jesuit Father's comment on "union-pampering editors" and also his quoting Bishop Dwyer on their "infallibility." My blood pressure has been very low for many years—THE SIGN editorials have been an antidote . . .

J. K. KEOGH

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Your editorial "The Ghetto Catholic" (March) was splendid. I look forward to reading your editorials each month and find those in defense of labor unions particularly refreshing.

We are all aware of the evils and shortcomings of labor unions, but so few of us white-collar workers remember that unions are indirectly responsible for all the benefits that management is giving us now. . . .

MRS. JOSEPH FLANAGAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Having read the letter from Father Coogan in your May issue, I feel compelled to comment thereupon. Although your answer should be sufficient to expose the error of his contention, I would like also to refer him to a similar situation when in 1884, the Holy See, although opposing Catholic membership in the Knights of Labor in Canada, refrained from extending its opposition to the organization within the United States. I am sure he must have read the scholarly communication of Cardinal Gibbons to the Holy See which served to clarify the situation by distinguishing the problem in one country from that in the other.

May I also advise the Reverend Father that having received all of my secondary education under supervision of the great Jesuit order, a small part of it under Father Steiner, former president of Detroit University prior to his ordination, I am certain he will appreciate my interest in this vital matter although he may still disagree with us.

JOHN J. DRISCOLL

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Holy Cross Seminary
Dunkirk, New York

If you live in any state
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Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P.

Passionist Monastery
5700 North Harlem Avenue
Chicago 31, Illinois

If you live in Ohio or
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City.....Grade.....State.....Tel. No.....

THE WORLD SCENE

... My 9½-year-old son who is in the fourth grade at Corpus Christi has found so much use for your World Scene articles in making up booklets, I've decided to renew. I refer to those articles that tell about specific countries and contain pictures of them. They have been a big help to him in Geography and I felt you might be interested in knowing about it. I'm sure other children get a great deal of material from your magazine too.

MRS. FLORENCE AURICH
HASBROUCK HEIGHTS, N. J.

THE SENATOR

... I want to congratulate Father McDonough for his treatment of the article "Senator Kennedy's Crisis" in "The Sign Post" (March). I agree heartily—"it was obscure and seemed to savor of braggadocio." It was Senator Kennedy's chance to make a clear statement, and show "full-view" courage by true Catholic humility—the foundation of spirituality. . . .

MRS. W. M. KELLY
FORT DODGE, IOWA.

THE HIGH AND FABULOUS

I am writing to tell you how much I enjoy your movie reviews. Nowadays so many movies are being produced and coming out as a "sensational, do not miss" feature. I have had the experience of going to these "fabulous" movies and paying very high prices for them and the most you see is some beautiful scenery which you may see in any 25-cent travel magazine.

SUSAN HEFFRON
LANSING, MICH.

THE PROMINENT MEN

I find THE SIGN an excellent magazine and enjoy reading the biographies of prominent men in recent issues.

PAUL J. GAUDET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

THE PLEASED

Yesterday I received my first copy, the March issue of THE SIGN. I found so many articles of current interest, so compellingly told, that I want you to know how much I enjoyed them—particularly your editorial "The Ghetto Catholic," "Mestrovic: Man and Artist" and "Cracks in the Kremlin" . . . also Thomas J. Horan's poem "To the Lonely Christ." . . .

MRS. MINERVA P. WHARTON
UNIVERSITY CITY, MO.

A friend lent me a copy of THE SIGN three years ago. We all thought it a splendid production, so we are getting it by post ever since. . . .

MRS. MINNA O'BRIEN
JANNALL, NEW SOUTH WALES

Your John Lester is great—incomparable, really. I enjoyed the article and pictures of Mestrovic—and all other features. . . .

MRS. WM. CROSSLAND
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